

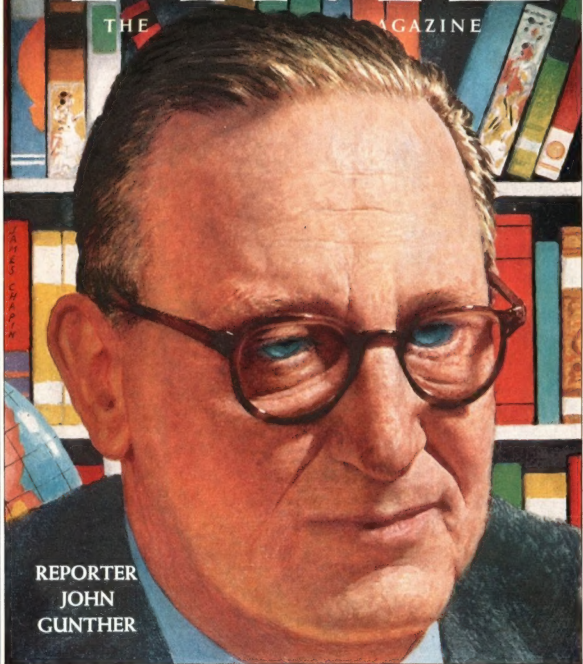
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 14, 1958

INSIDE RUSSIA

TIME

THE MAGAZINE



REPORTER
JOHN
GUNTHER

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VOL. LXXI NO. 15



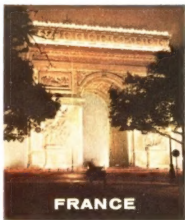
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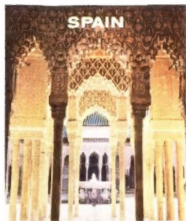
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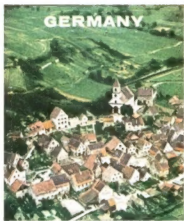
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Everything is in the drawers—even wastebasket and phone.

How to get new freedom to work

**New Clutter-Proof Desk
keeps top clear and organizes drawers**

How much time and money do cluttered desks waste in your office?

Desk top clutter and desk drawer hodgepodge aren't confined to the careless. Even people who try to be neat and efficient get no help from their desks.

But this new Shaw-Walker Clutter-Proof Desk actually "lends a hand." Fully 75% of the things that pile up on top or in drawers of other desks

have a specific place inside this desk.

The in-drawer organization is a marvel of convenience. There are in-drawer letter baskets, work separators, letter files, card trays, forms shelves and work tools organizers.

There's even an in-drawer wastebasket and provision for an in-drawer telephone.


Usable working space on the desk top is doubled. You get new freedom to work.

See these new Clutter-Proof Desks at one of our 17 branches or 470 dealers. There are 58 beautiful color combinations. Or write for our new 252-page Office Guide. Shaw-Walker, Muskegon 12, Mich.



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MONSANTO CHEMISTRY IN ACTION...

CONQUEST IN

Shown here in barge is a new-type paper wrap, fortified with

Now, paper-wrapped products ship and store safely in the open in any season. A new kind of paper reinforced with Monsanto Opalon® vinyl resin and DIDP† offers weight-saving handling and shipping economy, often speeds deliveries, saves storage space.

Helping to improve packaging is but one of many ways Monsanto products serve industry. Monsanto is basic in plastics, organic chemicals, petrochemicals and phosphates—leads the world in producing elemental phosphorus. Join Monsanto customers and enjoy fine technical service, sure delivery, stable pricing, and over 1,000 promptly available chemicals like those used in better packaging at right.

†dilauroyl phthalate (vinyl plasticizer)

WATCH FOR MONSANTO'S SCIENCE DOCUMENTARY.

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Printable paper packages, made nonskid by Syton,* stack safely, reduce breakage



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Monsanto polyethylene interliner guards product quality by keeping out moisture



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"CONQUEST," CBS-TV, SUN., APRIL 13 (CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND STATION)

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COLORADO
and coast to coast

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pay
claims
within
8
hours
after
proof
of loss***



"We started rebuilding immediately after our fire," says L. C. Seagler, Montrose, Colo., "thanks to American Hardware Mutual paying our claim within 8 hours after proof of loss." Yes, we pay claims fast. Our insurance has always cost less, due to annual dividend payments. And our salesmen give counsel . . . not sales talks. Sound good? It is.



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*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

LETTERS

Everybody's Business

Sir:

The state of this nation, including the recession, is the result of decisions that are made "after breakfast," "after lunch," "after a smoke," "after a while," and now "after golf." We have become a nation of "afters."

JOHN J. KONALIE

Middletown, Pa.

Sir:

So the top labor leaders are telling our President what to do about the recession. Did any of them tell him that one reason for this recession is that their own unions, plus federal taxes, have forced prices up so high that a lot of us cannot purchase all the things we would like?

GEORGE H. ELLIS

Butte, Mont.

Sir:

Common sense indicates that the causes of the present economic recession are a combination of actions taken by big business.

RONALD E. PAXTON

Oak Park, Mich.

Sir:

The cause of the recession is automation and speedup in manufacturing processes. When an item can be made in half the time it formerly took, then men will be out of work six months out of the year.

FRED R. ISENHART

Mount Morris, Ill.

Sir:

Our high-powered, swept-wing, chrome-plated economy gets about the same mileage as Detroit's best. Both need frequent adjustments, which are costly, perhaps because they are products of people who have forgotten what constitutes a day's work.

PETER G. PIERCE

Manchester, N.H.

Sir:

Four million workers get automatic increases in 1958 (escalator clauses). It is like overfeeding a patient who has boils.

WALTER G. BOWERMAN

New York City

Sir:

I thought the situation was hopeless until I read: "Tax reduction is a rather irrevocable step. Once taxes are reduced, it will be difficult to raise them again." Let's proceed with tax reduction immediately.

F. R. HARRIS

Greenfield, Ohio

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TIME
April 14, 1958

Sir:

The President is probably winning as great a battle for the U.S. and the free world as any he ever conducted as an Army commander. By resisting the pressure for ill-conceived spending or "free" money programs, he and his advisers are likely to ride out this recession storm for us.

BROOKER L. MASTERS

Birmingham, Mich.

Sir:

The March 24 cover was beautifully done and quite symbolic. It recalls for many of us here Bernard Lorjou's *The Dying Bull*. [see cut]. The original painting hangs directly opposite the desk of our senior partner, who finds it an ever-present reminder



that no "sacred cows" or immortal bulls roam Wall Street. As Baron Rothschild put it: "Fortunes are made by buying low and selling too soon."

EDSON GOULD

Arthur Wiesenberger & Co.

New York City

Judgment in Ohio

Sir:

The Amishmen and their wives who went to jail in Ohio for the crime of refusing to let their progeny be placed in a children's home [March 24] are in good company, religiously and historically. The Apostles Paul, Peter, John—and the Lord Jesus Christ—were

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Volume LXXI
Number 10

TIME, APRIL 14, 1958



Frontier wagons...1958

Rolling ahead! In advance of spreading towns and suburbs...through the hearts of thriving rural areas...

Independent telephone companies are opening new frontiers to growth and progress. Altogether, the service of these 4,400 separate companies blankets two-thirds of the nation's land area. Their growing investment—over a million dollars added each working day—pays dividends to you in better, more useful communications.



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FACTS
ABOUT
HOUSE
PAINTING

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

arrested because of the clashing claims of Caesar and God; but that will not excuse the Pilates, Neros and Judge Don Youngs. Justice is often sorely defeated by a rigid adherence to the letter of the law.

HORACE H. MOHLER

Dayton

Sir:

The one-room schoolhouse never produced the switchblade-carrying terrorist and rapist that our sprawling, highly organized schools turn out today. The one-room schoolhouse is passing and with it other old-fashioned characteristics of America.

RITA M. ALBEE

Boston

Below Paar

Sir:

Jack Paar did a favor for NBC by ridding it of Dody Goodman [March 24]. Now, why can't NBC get rid of Jack Paar?

JOHN J. OVERLANDER

Northfield, N.J.

Sir:

He is of interest to many only as someone who is so disgusting that there is a fascination in waiting for the next blunder that will erupt from the irascible Mr. Paar.

ROSE E. BOLLMAN

Lebanon, Pa.

Sir:

Does Paar consider himself bright, shrewd and calculating when he raises his guest's dress to see if she is wearing knee socks and peers down her dress to find out if she has notes?

D. ATKINSON

New York City

Sir:

Hurrah for King Paar for finally pulloining the most ill-mannered, untalented old maid ever shoved down a TV audience's throat.

MRS. FRANK BERTUCCI

Milwaukee

Strike in Sheboygan

Sir:

Herbert Kohler owns the company; surely he should be the one to decide whether he wants an open or closed shop. As a near neighbor of the Kohler village, I say he has been most fair. The U.A.W. can not say that.

MRS. CHARLES B. DREWRY

Plymouth, Wis.

Sir:

After reading your March 17 article, I can assure you, in any house that I shall ever build I shall certainly demand that all my plumbing fixtures be Kohler.

PHILIP G. ROBERTS

Oklahoma City

Sir:

Bravo to Herbert V. Kohler and his stand against Reuther and his U.A.W. They've got completely out of hand; most of our internal problems, including recessions, are directly traceable to the bad aspects of unionism.

GREGORY CONTAS

West Hartland, Conn.

Receding Shadow?

Sir:

"The Long Shadow of John Dewey" is the most concise and comprehensive statement on U.S. education since Sputnik. Could it not be that a hierarchy of educationists has distorted and stretched Dewey's shadow to a shape and length he himself never intended?

A plague on "life adjustment" and a double vodka on the rocks to TIME [March 31] for printing it.

F. JOSEPH LORZ

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir:

I strenuously object to your undocumented attack on the public school curriculum.

JOSEPH I. HALL

Oregon State Department of Education
Salem, Ore.

Sir:

As a teacher, I have long noted the increasing anti-intellectualism in our schools. The products of the teachers' colleges, who have entrenched themselves in positions of authority in every state, are, for the most part, intellectually inert themselves, know little or nothing about subject matter, and what is worse, contend openly and brazenly that knowledge of subject is of secondary importance.

S. J. LEWIS JR.

Augusta, Ga.

School & Skis

Sir:

Re your March 24 "School & Skis" in Aspen, Colo.: now that intellectualism is back in style, there are probably many school systems anxious to pay lip service to scholastic standards, but quick to provide loopholes as was done at Aspen. Our congratulations to ex-Superintendent Speer, whose efforts to maintain classroom standards were defeated by the even higher standards of the ski range.

RICHARD ROSE

Euclid, Ohio

Sir:

It appears one of the best girl skiers in the U.S. was almost barred from her sport for poor grades. How silly can a school superintendent get? My 15-year-old daughter was directly behind Chairman Pecjak's daughter at the National Junior championships. I also am a member of a school board. Lessons are important, but when you have girls that can go like ours—skiing comes first.

CHARLES G. BENNETT

St. Regis, Mont.

Sir:

Mr. Pecjak (and I, a school teacher, have seen many like him) is another soft, liberal-minded parent who needs to be a big shot and can only succeed through a daughter.

MARILYN E. HOS

Chicago

The Senator from Texas

Sir:

It was touching to confirm that Senator "Laddy Bird" Johnson is sensitive and vain. He can really dish it out, but like all demagogues, he can't take it.

LESLIE B. GRAY

Reno

Sir:

Mr. Johnson won the Texas senatorial race by 87 votes. These votes occurred in a district ruled by George Parr—the Duke of Duval County and a most shady character.

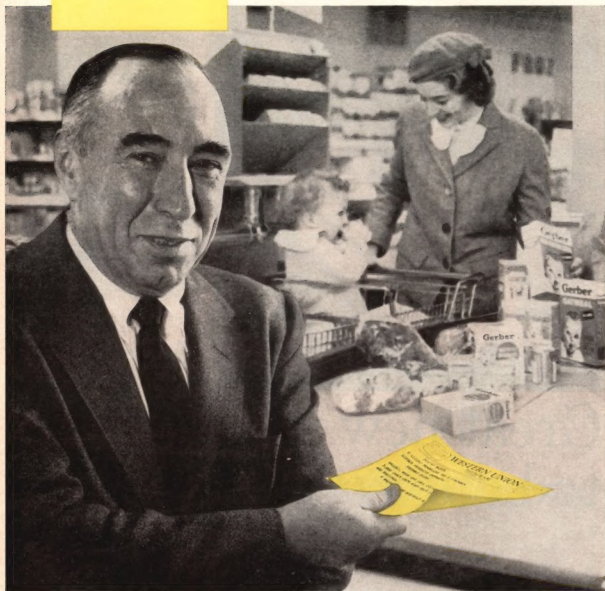
VIOLET KIRK-SWAIN

San Antonio

Sir:

Since LBJ's secretary completed the telephone assignment in three minutes instead of ten [March 17], she should be entitled to a raise. I am a secretary, and although entirely dependent upon my salary, I would have given my resignation to LBJ quicker than he could have picked up his tiny gold pillbox.

Dan Gerber feeds the "carriage trade"—by wire



**He speeds it
in writing
—with telegrams**

"Babies are our customers," says Dan Gerber, President of Gerber Products Company, "and they're the choosiest in the world! To please them (and their mothers), we put out over 80 different kinds of baby food. Keeping all varieties on dealers' shelves is essential—so we rely on the telegram. If important customers in Texas, for instance, appear to be running short, our district office wires us the order; and we wire back immediately confirming shipping data. No chance for errors, either—because the quantities, varieties and routing are right there in writing."

Whenever you want fast action—and a written record—there's nothing like the telegram.



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Great new way to better golf—

SPALDING proudly presents the new Gene Littler* "Pro Model" Clubs—the finest golf clubs ever made.

These Registered beauties are SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs, scientifically coordinated to swing and feel the same. The woods are HYDRO-SEAL PROCESSED, impregnated and coated with plastic giving them added strength... making them virtually impervious to water damage.

The True Temper "Pro-Fit" Shafts of the irons are reverse threaded into the gleaming, perma-finish heads. There's no pin to work loose as in ordinary irons.

Gene Littler Clubs are sold through golf professionals only... and are guaranteed unconditionally.

*Member of Spalding's Golf Advisory Staff

SPALDING sets the pace in sports

perhaps thereby giving Lady Bird the opportunity to peck away at my typewriter and chirp LBJ's demands into the ears of the switchboard operators. Did his daddy never teach him the meaning of courtesy?

MARCELLA COLLINS

New York City

Well-Wheeled

Sir:

In your excellent article on the *Ecole de Paris* [March 24] you are at pains to mention that painters Mathieu and Buffet both own Rolls-Royces—the point presumably being that some contemporary art pays off handsomely. But while you mention that Poliakoff is a gypsy, you forgot to add that he is a gypsy whose caravan is also a sumptuous Rolls, driven by a liveried chauffeur. Art apparently pays Poliakoff, too.

ROSALIND CONSTABLE

New York City

¶ For well-wheeled Modernist Poliakoff and caravan, see cut.—Ed.



Paris-Match

Tolerating Intolerance

Sir:

The readers whose letters you printed [March 31] were indignant over the Pope's indignation. One of them stated: "I do not believe the founder of Christianity established any church for this purpose (slander and coercion)." And yet this was the same Founder who called the scribes and Pharisees hypocrites and whited sepulchres (slander?) and who used coercion in driving the money-changers from His Father's house.

E. C. FERLITA, S.J.

New Orleans

Sir:

I hope that TIME never discontinues its Letters column. Freedom-loving Protestants who preach tolerance and then open their mouths—proving what bigoted people they really are—always give me a chuckle.

D. F. HINDS

St. Louis

Daughters under the Skin

Sir:

As a native-born American, I am ashamed of the Daughters of the American Revolution's denial of its good-citizenship award to a German girl residing in the U.S. merely because she happens to be an alien. Our independence was established by the unselfish heroism of such men as Lafayette and Kosciuszko, who did not hesitate to fight for this country even though they were not citizens of it.

PORTER RISLEY

Austin, Texas

Sir:

Every year the D.A.R.s come oozing into this town, undertipping, festooning themselves with large purple orchids, making all sorts of decrees. Why can't they behave like colonial dames instead of revolutionary broads?

ELIZABETH L. STIRLING

Washington, D.C.



1942 First effective radar countermeasure was "Window," code name for thin strips of metal foil which reflected spurious radar echoes when dropped from Allied bombers, confusing enemy radar operator.



1943 Next came "Carpet," designation for techniques of radiating "noise" or static from bomber-borne transmitters, each tuned to slightly different frequency. Torrent of "noise" produced "rippling grass" pattern on enemy radarscope.



1944 "Tuba" was a tremendously powerful (50,000 watts) jamming transmitter located in England. Its potent signal blinded German night fighters' radar as they pursued RAF formations toward the island.

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

COUNTER-MEASURES

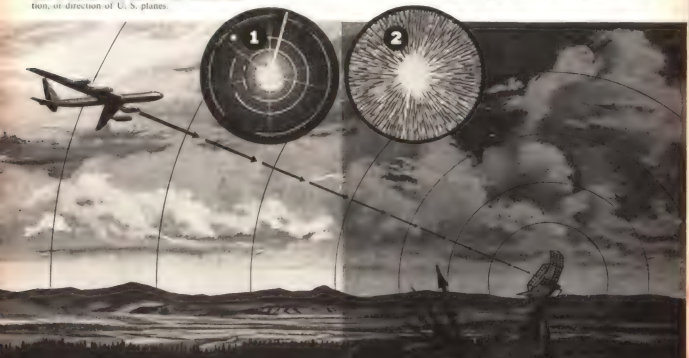
U. S. MAKES PROGRESS IN DECEIVING AN ENEMY

TODAY Shown below is only one of the techniques used in Sperry's integrated countermeasures system. U. S. bomber sweeping inland toward target nears anti-aircraft missile installation. Normally, bomber appears as blip on ground radarscope (1). But new Sperry jammer would transmit countersignal on same frequency as enemy radar, completely obscuring echo of signal on ground radarscope (2). This would make it impossible for enemy to tell number, location, or direction of U. S. planes.

Protecting our strategic bombers from detection is a unique military problem. For example, if enemy radar detects our bombers they cannot accomplish their mission. The problem then is to make the enemy's radar ineffective. Jamming techniques employed in World War II were effective in varying degrees but are inadequate today.

Now Sperry can report a notable break-through in this little-publicized area of electronics, achieved in cooperation with USAF's Air Research and Development Command. An integrated countermeasures system will equip SAC's Boeing B-52s with "a bag of tricks" which not only jams radars but also deceives missiles. This versatile system promises to provide a new measure of protection for our superbombers and will considerably enhance their offensive effectiveness.

SPERRY *GYROSCOPE COMPANY*
Great Neck, New York
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Juggling your protection can cost you plenty!



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Now you can do both with our all-in-one Comprehensive Homeowners Policy. This single-package policy covers you against loss from the basic perils—fire, windstorm, explosion, burglary, liability and many others—at savings up to 30% compared to the cost of the same protection in individual policies.

The cost won't throw your budget out of balance because you can pay the premium in equal monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual amounts throughout the period of your protection.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

TO many a man, the chemise on dry
land was bad enough. But now they're
going to wear them at the beach! For
news about this cover-up, see BUSINESS.
Chemise at Sea.

a rebel jeep for the rough ride to Fidel
Castro's headquarters. Halper spent
three days with Castro and his ragged,
fanatic followers. For the eyewitness
report, see HEMISPHERE. This Man
Castro.

THE big question bothering Congress
as it adjourned for Easter vacation:
Do the homefolks want a tax cut as an
attempt to cure the recession? Pollster
Sam Lubell got home before the Con-
gressmen to report that the homefolks
and Congress are in wide disagreement
on what the recession means, how bad
it is, and how it should be cured. See
NATIONAL AFFAIRS, *The People v. Tax
Cut*.

RIFLED in hand, a Cuban army sentry
stopped the car carrying Time Con-
tributing Editor Sam Halper toward the
rebel-held Sierra Maestra, peered
inside, searched the trunk. Said Halper:
"I put on an act of lighting a
cigar, said nothing, and waved to the
soldiers as we went on." Closer to the
mountains, Halper hid in a farmhouse
while a sugar-cane train chuffed by,
guarded by soldiers riding the cow-
catcher. In the foothills he changed to

WHEN Moiseyev's Dance Company
of the U.S.S.R. appeared in London
in 1955, one critic was reminded of the
Rockettes in Manhattan's Radio City
Music Hall. The parade-drilled pre-
cision is there, and so is the box-office
pull. Next week the Moiseyev will give
Americans their first close look at a
major Soviet dance company. For a
color preview of what Russian dance
looks like when it is not poised on
pointe, see MUSIC, *Soviet Pop Ballet*.

D RAGGED down by the auto indus-
try's slump, Detroit is the most recession-
battered big city in the U.S. What
worries thoughtful Detroiters even
more than the current auto chill is a
chronic malaise that afflicted the city
even before the nationwide recession
started, and will still be nagging it
after the recession is past. See NA-
TIONAL AFFAIRS, *Recession in Detroit*.



CASTRO, AIDE & TIME'S HALPER AT REBELS' GHQ.

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“Do-it- goes —a GM “small

“**D**O-IT-YOURSELF” is a good way to build a bookcase or improve a shotgun, as Harold Davies of Plainville, Connecticut, found out—and it’s a good way to build a business, too.

For Harold’s hobby has made him President of his Acme Spring Company in Plainville. Today he heads a growing concern that does a good business with General Motors’ New Departure Division and with a flock of other customers in ten different industries.

Out of the Basement

LIKE MOST “do-it-yourselfers,” Harold started in his basement—soon got so wrapped up in his hobby, he bought a metalworking lathe, used it to build parts for two more machines. And by that time, the basement began to get pretty crowded, particularly when he went into the parts-making business.

CONNECTICUT YANKEE Harold Davies, President of Acme Spring Co., Inc., made a hit with General Motors ten years ago with a new idea for snap rings—has been supplying rings to General Motors ever since.

yourself" expert great guns

business" report from the Nutmeg State

So Harold turned from machinist to combination mason-plumber-car-penter-electrician-steelworker—built a tiny 20' x 40' plant with his own hands.

Then he put on his salesman's hat, set out to build up his business with "better mousetraps." He'd dope out a way to better a prospect's product with something Acme could make—sell the prospect on the idea—get an order.

The formula worked fine, especially when he went to General Motors' New Departure Division with a snap ring that would last longer—could be used over and over again. They gave him a small order that led to big things for Harold and Acme.

In the Chips

FOR THE New Departure orders have been getting bigger and bigger each year. Today Harold's plant is ten times as big as the original.

But even though Harold now wears the title of President, he still wears his machinist's apron every day—that "do-it-yourself" urge can't be downed.

Harold Davies, his co-workers, and his company—like many other folks and firms in every state—have shared in General Motors' success by filling GM's needs with competitively priced quality products delivered on time. Probably your friends, your town or your part of the country are also sharing in this success.

General Motors Purchases

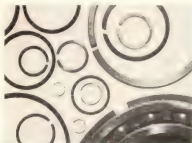
From Many, Many Small Businesses

Fifty cents of every GM sales dollar goes to outside suppliers. Of the 26,000 suppliers of goods and services to General Motors Divisions, more than 64% are very small businesses, employing less than 100 persons. Yet their total sales to General Motors were more than \$600,000,000 in a recent year.



INCORPORATION—Acme Spring Company President Harold Davies getting "Inc." sign from his wife, Mary, who is corporation's V. P. and Secretary.

GENERAL MOTORS—*Good people to work for—Good people to deal with*



SNAP RING ROUNDUP—Ball-bearing snap rings like these—turned out by Acme Spring for GM and other customers—have made company's cash register ring a merry tune for ten years.



WATER DONOR—Harold Davies conferring with Water Commissioner Joseph Wilks on Harold's offer of 200,000 gallons of free water daily from his well to water-shore nearby New Britain.



Magnavox brings you the finest sound system in all television to match a 332 sq. in. picture of amazing clarity and depth. The Cosmopolitan 24 in a variety of fine woods and traditional, modern or provincial styles, from \$379.50.

How much of today's TV are you missing?



An example of Magnavox value—The Constellation 21 full console with 262 sq. in. picture. In cordovan, only \$199.90. Other models as low as \$169.90.



An innovation in beauty and functional design. The Continental is the only high fidelity FM-AM radio-phonograph with 25-watt dual-channel amplifier, 15" bass and treble exponential horn speakers. Precision changer with Diamond Pick-up. Magnavox High Fidelity is priced from \$129.90.

Magnavox—the finest in TV—brings you the "lost dimension" of today's programs that multiplies your television enjoyment!

Most TV sets now in use are unable to recreate the great musical programs of today. Even the dramatic shows lose much of their entertainment value when received over television sets produced in recent years.

Magnavox, makers of the famous High Fidelity radio-phonographs, have incorporated this high fidelity sound equipment in most of their fine TV receivers. This brings to life your favorite programs—enables you to enjoy *all* of television through the magnificent

sound system which matches the finest picture obtainable.

You'll never know how much TV enjoyment you're missing until you've visited your Magnavox dealer. Prove to yourself that Magnavox is the finest . . . and the best buy on any basis of comparison. Magnavox is sold direct only to fine stores in your community . . . carefully selected for their integrity and ability to serve you better. Choose from 37 beautiful styles, in all price ranges.

magnificent Magnavox

high fidelity television • radio-phonographs
Precision electronics for industry and our Government

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
Prices and specifications subject to change without notice

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Voice in the Land

Toward the end of winter, Washington seemed to be in the grip of the word "inevitable." A meeting at the summit was inevitable; a quick tax cut to brake the recession was inevitable; some kind of politically popular, high-subsidy farm program was inevitable; the wishy-washy Pentagon reorganization plan was inevitable. Last week the President, back in command of the Administration in all its divisions, proved in a busy week that there is nothing inevitable about anything when leadership provides its own direction. Items:

Recession. Optimistic over the week's economic reports, the President preached less hurry-up spending, quietly opposed any quick tax cut, inspired G.O.P. congressional leaders to brace at last against the avalanche of Democratic anti-recession bills and win their biggest legislative battle of the session.

Farm. Ignoring panicky pleas from farm-state Republicans the President put principle over politics, vetoed a Democratic bill freezing 1953 supports at 1957 levels. In his veto message he explained why the bill would do farmers more harm than good. From the land came kudos for his courage.

Space. The President sent Congress a careful blueprint for space agencies and space exploration that is bold but durable and sensible enough to last as a work guide for decades.

Defense. As promised in his State of the Union message, he sent Congress the outline for his defense reorganization plan. It reflected his own military experience, bore his own touch. If carried through, it can ultimately be as important to the U.S. as any of its new weapons, because it gears the military establishment to fast decisions in the day of instant war.

Nowhere was the mood of the week better displayed than at the President's news conference. Visibly buoyed by the capital's warming weather, he opened the session with a reference to haunting lines of the *Song of Solomon*: "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Ike looked well and obviously felt well; for the next 35 minutes he staged a performance that turned out to be his best conference since his stroke.

Leaving the Indian Treaty Room at conference's end, more than one newsman was impressed enough to report that the clearest springtime voice to be heard last week was the voice of the President of the U.S.

DEFENSE

Toward Unification

Separate ground, sea and air warfare is gone forever. If ever again we should be involved in war, we will fight it in all elements, with all services, as one single, concentrated effort.

So saying, President Eisenhower last week sent Congress a hardheaded, sense-making set of recommendations for Defense Department reorganization that, it fought through to fulfillment, may be ranked among the major accomplishments of his Administration. The chief point: in cold war, and under threat of instant hot war, the U.S. military organization must be designed for instant action.

To give the U.S. the power of action, the President proposed a tremendous increase in the authority of the Secretary of Defense. Bypassing the Army, Navy and Air Force Secretaries, the Defense Secre-

tary would command the armed services directly through the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Though emphatically subordinate to the civilian Defense Secretary and the civilian President, the Joint Chiefs would have the kind of direct operational control over the fighting forces that they have in wartime, would, in effect, outrank the cadres of civilian service secretaries and assistant secretaries who have laid a heavy bureaucratic hand on peacetime operations.

The "I" Appeal. Into the plan's making went three months of hard work by Defense Secretary Neil McElroy, service chiefs, former commanders, Congressmen, civilian experts, a staff of advisers—and by General Eisenhower. Fortnight ago McElroy began sending his conclusions to the President, who took the recommendations as raw material, retooled them in the shape of his own convictions on military organization. Almost every paragraph bristles with Ike's first person singular, e.g., "I have long been aware . . ." "I have directed . . ." "I therefore propose . . ." Many conclusions are based directly on his service as World War II Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, his post-war tour of duty as Army Chief of Staff (1945-48) and adviser on earlier unsuc-



Associated Press
COMMANDER IN CHIEF EISENHOWER, DEFENSE BOSS McELROY
For the iron logic of today's warfare, a carefully tooled plan.

cessful attempts at unification. Principal recommendations:

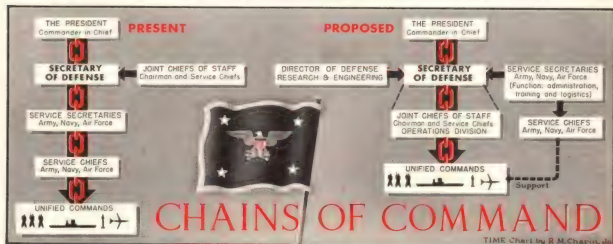
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE. As the unchallenged boss of the Pentagon, the Defense Secretary should have the right to transfer, reassign, abolish or consolidate functions in his department. He should also have "adequate authority and flexibility" to transfer funds within and between the Army, Navy and Air Force, including not only research and development funds but also funds for strategic planning and for operations. With the consent of Congress, the President would remove one present stumbling block to the Defense Secretary's authority: the incongruous statement in the National Security Act that the Army, Navy and Air Force must be "separately administered." Since the same act also states that the Defense Secretary should work out "integrated policies and procedures," this requirement, originally inserted to preserve traditional service prerogatives, has caused needless confu-

sion. The operational forces would be regrouped into streamlined unified commands, e.g., Alaskan Command, European Command, Caribbean Command. These the J.C.S., under the Secretary of Defense, would command directly, instead of having the chain of command pass through the service secretaries and the service chiefs. Moreover, the separate services would not be able to move their officers in and out of the unified commands at will. So that members of the J.C.S. can devote more time to J.C.S. operational duties, the President urged that Congress authorize the chiefs to pass major service responsibilities along to their vice chiefs.

JOINT STAFF. This little-publicized staff of bright officers now serves the J.C.S., is limited by law to 210 members. It should be enlarged, and assigned its duties by the chairman of the Joint Chiefs subject to the approval of the Defense Secretary. While the President's message leans over

tions above two-star ranks must be passed on by the Defense Secretary. He will consider whether candidates have demonstrated, "among other qualities, the capacity for dealing objectively—without extreme partisanship—with matters of the broadest significance to our national security." In resigning or removing officers, the President will take undue service bias into account. This was a long step toward the Rockefeller Report's recommendation for a nonpartisan senior service (TIME, Jan. 13). Moreover, said the President, qualified technical officers and even nontechnical officers of lower rank could be shifted from service to service without forfeit of seniority, with the individuals' consent.

Toward One Service. All in all, while it studiously avoided such red-flag terms as "single service" and "general staff," the reorganization plan added up to a huge stride along the road toward unification in fact. It was so solicitous of civilian con-



sion and misunderstanding. Said the President: "Let us no longer give legal support to efforts to weaken the authority of the Secretary."

SERVICE SECRETARIES. Relieved of their duties as operational bosses of their respective services, the Secretaries of Army, Navy and Air Force should have major responsibilities for administration, training and logistics. This, said the President, is quite a job in itself, since each Secretary heads up a "department much larger than any executive department except the Department of Defense itself." Each would be allowed one under secretary and a minimum of two assistant secretaries. One or both of the two remaining assistant secretaries would be eliminated. But the President promised that he would not lay a glove on the Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Air Force themselves. Said he: "I have neither the intent nor the desire to merge or abolish traditional services."

JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF. The present J.C.S. would be elevated to the responsibility of a staff directly assisting the Defense Secretary in his command of the military services (see chart). With rare exceptions personally approved by the

backward to avoid special mention of the J.C.S. chairman, this quiet reform could —if the Defense Secretary so wished—make the J.C.S. chairman an effective chief of staff.

RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT. To head off such costly duplications as the Army's Jupiter IRBM and the Air Force's Thor, a new post of Director of Defense Research and Engineering would replace the present Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering. The new director would be a scientist and engineer advising the Defense Secretary, and overseeing, assigning and initiating research projects within the three services and also in the new Advanced Research Projects Agency and the Office of the Director of Guided Missiles. "Unavoidably, we are engaged in a race with potential enemies for new, more powerful military devices," said President Eisenhower. "The Secretary of Defense must have full authority to prevent unwise service competition in this critical area."

SENIOR OFFICERS. As a start toward developing a body of general officers with broad, all-service loyalties, the President said that he is issuing orders that promo-

tion so careful to avoid offense to individual services, so accurately pitched to the iron logic of present-day warfare, that the enemies of unification would be hard put to destroy it. But something of a miracle would be required to prevent the independent-minded U.S. Navy and the Navy's powerful friends on Capitol Hill from closing ranks to stop it. In the end, much would depend on whether President Eisenhower was willing to fight for reorganization with the kind of "single, concentrated effort" he wants for the Pentagon.

Atlas Soars Again

Trailing orange flame, a 75-ft. Atlas ICBM rocketed off its launching pad at Cape Canaveral, Fla. last week and disappeared out over the Atlantic. Shortly afterward the Air Force issued a proud announcement: the big bird had flown successfully over a test course of several hundred miles. Reports had it that the missile, the seventh Atlas to be fired and the third to complete its programed course, was preset to swerve sharply after burnout in a test of structural strength. Apparently it scored an A+.

SPACE

NASA

While the U.S. satellites and the Red Sputnik whirled in space, an argument ricocheted through the U.S. defense and scientific communities. Who ought to command the U.S.'s space offensive—civilians or the military? Last week, in a special message to Congress, the President gave his answer. Its gist: civilians.

In his request for new legislation, the President placed responsibility for the U.S.'s new space-exploration program (TIME, April 7) on a new entity to be called the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, headed by a civilian named by the President and confirmed by the Senate. If approved by Congress, the new agency would form around the tried and tested nucleus of the 43-year-old National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, would operate much like the Atomic Energy Commission for the benefit of both civilian and military customers. The Defense Department's new Advanced Research Projects Agency would continue to handle space projects "peculiar to or primarily associated with military weapons systems or military operations." Just as AEC is watched over by a general advisory committee of top scientists, so the new NASA would be guided—but not run by—a new presidential advisory committee on space. "A civilian setting," the President summed up, "will emphasize the concern of our nation that outer space be devoted to peaceful and scientific purposes."

AGRICULTURE

De-icing the Farmer

Back to Congress last week with a crisp rejection slip from President Eisenhower went the 1958 farm bill. For the second time in two years, said Ike, Congress had sent him farm legislation "which I cannot in good conscience approve." Intended to freeze 1958 price supports at not less than 1957 levels, the vetoed bill, like the one in 1956, was an election-year stratagem by which 1) Democrats hoped to embarrass the Administration, and 2) farm-belt Republicans hoped to horsefist their re-election chances.

In refusing to be part of this political pact, the President listed half a dozen ill effects on farmers if the bill were allowed to become law. Among them, it would reverse notable progress made to date in balancing farm supply with the demand for farm products, pile up more Government surpluses, discourage the growth of new markets for farmers' products, postpone the day when farmers can be freed from the straitjacket of controls. Regarding those, said Ike, "what the farm economy needs is a thaw rather than a freeze."

If Congress really wants to help farmers, he wrote, it should get busy and pass the program he sent up last January, which would further widen the range of price support flexibility and end the present escalator formula under which price supports automatically rise as surplus falls—to build up another surplus.



REPUBLICAN KNOWLAND
Power in the play.

THE CONGRESS

Rare Teamwork

The Republican congressional leaders had barely drawn their chairs up to the President's desk for their weekly White House legislative conference last week when Dwight Eisenhower issued a warning. The warning: go slow on bills designed to cure the recession with heavy spending; the Democrats are trying to spend too much too soon. Senate Minority Leader William Fife Knowland thought he knew where to begin the slowdown, went back to the Capitol to take aim on a Democratic special, the \$1 billion Community Facilities bill designed to pump 33% loans into worthy town and city



DEMOCRAT MANSFIELD
Hard is the way.

public-works projects, which Banking and Currency Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright had reported onto the Senate floor for speedy action. Before the day was done, stolid Bill Knowland's slowdown had rolled into a fast-moving Republican revolt against the well-laid plans of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Nose Count. Democrat Johnson, leaving early for an Easter vacation on his L.B.J. ranch in Texas, had put Montana's Mike Mansfield, assistant majority leader, in his chair as straw boss. Johnson also left orders that Bill Fulbright's bill was to be pushed through fast. Mansfield made a try; in the best Johnson tradition he threatened to keep the Senate sitting for as long as necessary to debate and pass the measure. But Bill Knowland's nose count showed that the G.O.P. had votes enough to stall the Fulbright bill at least until after Easter.

Thus fortified, Knowland rose on the Senate floor to move for a fortnight's postponement. Immediately, Straw Boss Mansfield took the floor, moved to table (i.e., kill) Knowland's motion, thereupon brought on a vote. Mike Mansfield's motion lost 41-36 (39 Republicans, plus Virginia's Harry Byrd and Ohio's Frank Lausche voting against it) with Lyndon Johnson and twelve other sorely needed Democrats absent.

Easy Holdup. Once the Democratic counterattack had been blunted, Republicans opened a cover-fire for Knowland's motion. New Jersey's Clifford Case argued that the Fulbright bill really would provide little new employment in depressed communities and could easily be held up. Illinois' Everett McKinley Dirksen pointed out that immediate Senate action was inconsequential since the House had not even taken up the bill. Colorado's Gordon Allott sniffed that a billion dollars was not to be lightly allocated in the course of one afternoon. Recounting noses, Knowland decided to bring his motion to a vote, carried it by a narrow 41-39.

Mike Mansfield was visibly distressed by the unexpected turn of events. Said he: "I must say that the way of the straw boss is hard. I wish the distinguished minority leader had seen fit to put this power play into operation while the distinguished majority leader was on the floor and in charge." But Mansfield overlooked one point. Republicans, however small their victory, exhibited the tightest White House-to-Senate leadership-to-floor teamwork displayed so far this season.

In other congressional action last week, Senate and House conferees, led by Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore, ignored a ukase from leaders of both houses, voted to keep provisions against oversized billboards on some 25,500 miles of interstate highways to be built with matching federal funds. As a result, the \$7.2 billion highway-construction bill, the first to contain an overall federal anti-billboard policy, was quickly approved by both houses sent to the President.

¶ The House, overriding bitter Southern



UNEMPLOYED DETROIT WORKERS WAIT FOR DAY-WORK PICKUP; ONE MAKES IT.

RECESSION IN DETROIT

Chronic Aches Hurt Badly in Hard Times

At intersections along northwest Detroit's Eight Mile Road Negro workmen begin to gather at 6 a.m., waiting in faint hope that somebody will come by and offer a few hours' work. "It's like the numbers game," one man says. "The odds is way against you. But what else can I do? I been out of work since last fall."

WITH the auto industry braked down, Detroit is the U.S.'s most recession-ridden big city (metropolitan pop. 3,650,000). Across the nation unemployment averages 6.7% of the labor force; in Detroit the figure comes to 15.1%. Some 230,000 Detroiters are jobless, and 40,000 of them have run out of unemployment benefits, with the low-seniority, generally unskilled Negroes getting the worst of it. The monthly relief bill runs to \$740,000, triple the year-ago outlay. Unemployed workers in debt for cars, furniture and appliances usually find that stores and finance companies are willing to stretch out the payments, but even so, repossessions in the Wayne County Common Pleas Court ran to 1,061 in the first three months of 1958, 18% ahead of last year.

Signs of the hard times are inescapable. A movie house proclaims cheaper admissions for holders of unemployment-compensation cards. Another recently started staying open all night, reviving the Depression custom of letting movie houses serve as places for shelter and a nap. Groceries advertise another depression stand-by: day-old bread. Restaurant men who used to have trouble finding enough dishwashers and porters now turn away lines of eager applicants. The police report a sharp upsurge in burglaries, thefts, armed robberies. On the other side of the law, a lot more young Detroiters are eager to wear a police uniform. Six months ago the police department had to advertise for recruits; today there is no need for ads—the academy is full.

Amid signs of recession, paradoxical streaks of prosperity show up. Beauty parlors and landscaping firms are thriving. Car sales are radically down, but boat sales are radically up. Movie attendance is skimpy; but the Tigers report brisk preseason sales of baseball tickets.

Widespread in hard-hit Detroit is a bleak pessimism that contrasts sharply with the city's traditional Midwestern spirit. Detroiters do not count their city as especially beautiful or rich in culture, but they treasure its name for thrust, energy, confidence. Their favorite adjective: "dynamic." For generations young men leaving farms and small towns in the Midwest and the South have headed hopefully for bustling Detroit. One of the city's most cherished residents is a relentlessly optimistic versifier, Edgar Guest.

Today discouragement lurks in the Detroit air. Says a Chrysler veteran who skidded from a full-time skilled job to part-time work on an assembly line: "I come up here from Ohio 20 years ago, and I thought this would be a good

place for me. But now I'd tell a young fellow this is one of the poorest damn places in the country for your future."

Detroit's pessimism, like its unemployment, is more than merely a symptom of the U.S.'s current recession. The recession only made chronic trouble acute. Memories of dead or departed auto companies—Hudson, Packard, Kaiser-Frazer—remind Detroiters that trouble in the auto industry can have something to do with bad management. "You know," says a businessman, "when we were the arsenal of democracy, there was a great premium put on inefficiency of operation. The more payroll a company had, the more profit it would make on the cost-plus arrangement. And when the war ended, there was tremendous pent-up demand for what Detroit could produce, and wartime business became even bigger." A University of Michigan economist recently warned that even after the U.S. recession is past Detroit will still have a serious hard core of unemployment to worry about. Basic reason why Detroit is in trouble, apart from the current auto sag: the auto companies have been gradually moving out of Detroit for more than a decade, and not enough new industry has moved in to fill the gaps. And in the remaining auto plants automation is steadily shrinking the need for workers.

For the city's failure to hold on to the auto industry or attract replacements, many Detroit businessmen blame United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther and his close ally, Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams. Reuther, the arguments run, discourages industry by pushing labor costs higher and higher, and Democrat Williams discourages it by committing himself to Big Labor and the ever higher taxes of the welfare state. Says outspoken Harvey Campbell, vice president of the powerful Detroit Board of Commerce: "Businessmen won't talk about it in public. They are afraid of reprisal. They stand behind me and cheer, but that's about all they do."

The hard, glaring fact is that Detroit needs new industry, both to balance the auto industry's piecemeal emigration and to make the city less vulnerable to auto slumps. In February Mayor Louis C. Mirani created a high-level citizens' panel, the Detroit Industrial and Commercial Development Committee, dedicated to "maintaining and improving the economic climate," and its basic aim is to attract new industry.

In trying to persuade businessmen to open plants in Detroit, the newborn committee can point to some valuable assets, notably a pool of skilled labor and a waterside location with access to the Atlantic via the St. Lawrence Seaway. Perhaps the only additional asset that Detroit needs is a renaissance of the spirit expressed in the city's double-barreled motto, adopted after a fire nearly wiped out the little town of Detroit in 1805: *Speramus meliora, Resurget cineribus*. "We hope for better things. It will rise from the ashes."

opposition, approved (272-98) a \$750,000 grant to cover initial operating expenses of President Eisenhower's new Civil Rights Commission.

House and Senate voted final approval of a \$1.5 billion pork barrel rivers-and-harbors authorization bill—with pork fatter by some \$34 million in new projects added to the Senate version while the bill was before a conference committee, sent it to the President.

A Pigeonhole for Alaska

Ever since May 1957, the bill to grant statehood to Alaska has been gathering dust in a House Rules Committee pigeonhole personally guarded by Rules Chairman Howard Smith. Virginia Democrat Smith opposes the bill, at least partly because Alaska would probably send a pro-civil-rights delegation to Congress. Only last week did Smith hold his first hearings on the bill, and monopolized the time by questioning New York's Democratic Representative Leo O'Brien, a backer of Alaskan statehood, until the meeting was broken up by a House quorum call. Cuning old Chairman Smith benignly called another meeting for that afternoon—knowing full well that most committee members would be tied up with business on the House floor, e.g., appropriations for the Health, Education and Welfare Department. He waited around for an hour, whimsily recessed the hearing when no quorum showed up.

By pigeonholing the statehood bill, Howard Smith is clearly bucking a House majority, including Speaker Sam Rayburn. "The Speaker asked me to get it out of the Rules Committee," says Virginian Smith. "I told him I wouldn't if I could help it, I'm against it." By his tactics last week, Smith made sure that nothing would happen until at least mid-April. If he can stall for another month after that, nearly everyone agrees that the bill will be lost in the rush of House business—and Alaska will have to wait months or years longer.

THE ECONOMY

The People v. Tax Cut

Leaving Washington for the ten-day Easter recess, many a member of Congress took with him a firm conviction that he was going to find tax-cut sentiment running strong back home. Far from it, says roving Public-Opinion Canvasser Samuel Lubell, 46, self-styled "old doorbell ringer," whose intimate knowledge of the home front has given him a record of remarkable accuracy in calling the last two presidential elections.

Using his special detailed-interview approach, rather than the pollster technique of one or two either-or questions, Lubell talked with hundreds of "housewives, farmers, workers, storekeepers, clerks and businessmen" in six farm counties and 13 cities. His most significant discovery, reported this week in his United Features syndicated column: the U.S. public, showing itself more levelheaded than many a Congressman and labor leader, stands

eight to five against tax cuts, and even more strongly against general wage boosts.

Why are people against tax cuts? Lubell's subjects gave three principal reasons: 1) the individual family's slice would be too thin to make much difference; 2) tax cuts would be of no direct help to the unemployed; and 3) "the country needs the money." An Iowa milkman, a Georgia welder, a Texas printer, a California autoworker and a New Jersey insurance salesman all used almost identical words: "It would help me personally, but how can the Government run without money? And what will we do about the Russians?"

The "overwhelming" opposition to the general wage boosts urged by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders stems from the public conviction that higher wages would only bring on higher prices. Women are more sensitive to inflation than men are, and white-collar workers more than factory workers. But even factory workers feel



Eddie Murphy—San Francisco News
DOORBELL RINGER LUBELL
The people want to pay.

that "wages are high enough, if only prices can be kept from going up." "So strong is this yearning," Lubell reports, that some people favor a federal wage-price freeze.

Some other Lubell findings:

While mistrusting both tax cuts and wage boosts, the public "clearly favors some Government action" to halt the economy's slide—principally public-works programs, especially roads and schools.

Workers under 30 are most worried about losing their jobs, tend to favor drastic Government action. "With relatively little seniority or developed skills, these younger workers seem least secure. They also have plunged deepest into debt to buy new homes and autos." It will take a while before families in this plight do much buying of durable goods.

"The temper of the public as a whole is not that of a nation sliding into another

depression." One-fourth of the families interviewed said they were "better off" than a year ago, one-half felt they were "about the same," and only one-fourth considered themselves "worse off."

Fear that next summer will see an auto strike adds to the recession pinch by making autoworkers, steelworkers, suppliers, et al. all the more reluctant to spend their money.

The recession was not caused by a shortfall in consumer purchasing power (the A.F.L.-C.I.O. argument). The aircraft industry is drooping because of transition from planes to missiles.

Since there is no one cause-all, concludes Lubell, there is no "miraculous cure-all."

Neither White nor Black

The electronic innards of the Census Bureau's Univac computer whirled last week, and out popped an anxiously awaited seven-digit number: the U.S. Government's official mid-March unemployment total. In advance of the announcement this week, the precise figure was guarded like a missile blueprint. But word seeped out that the total showed no significant change from the mid-February level of 5,173,000. The hoped-for seasonal improvement was missing, but at least partly to blame for this disappointment was March's wintry weather, which delayed the spring thaw in farming and construction. Pointing to the adverse weather, some Administration economists argued that the neither-white-nor-black unemployment figure really upheld the cautiously hopeful prediction broadcast by President Eisenhower last February. March, said the President, should see "the beginning of the end of the downturn."

LABOR

Fewer Yanqui Dollars

With nearly 5,200,000 U.S. citizens out of work, Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell announced this week that he had directed the Labor Department to shut the gates part way on the 400,000-odd Mexicans who swarm across the border every year to work for yanqui dollars on the farms and ranches of the Southwest. Ordered Mitchell: Employer requests for permits to bring in foreign labor will be approved only if it is impossible to recruit U.S. workers to do the job.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Gimmick & Drift

Just as Washington uneasily predicted, the Russians—having just completed their test series of nuclear weapons in Siberia—proclaimed that they were suspending nuclear tests unilaterally, and called on the U.S. to do likewise. Failing this, Moscow added, "the U.S.S.R. will naturally be free to act."

Just as the Administration feared, the strength-through-propaganda set began acknowledging a major U.S. defeat, "Russia's announcement," said the Washington Post and Times Herald, "places the U.S.

in an extremely ugly position before world opinion." "Like Carmen Basilio," said the *New York Times's* James Reston, "the U.S. has taken a terrible beating." The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* talked of "an unnecessary loss of initiative in peace negotiations." Democrat Adlai Stevenson, who had unavailingly proposed in his 1956 campaign that the U.S. suspend its own nuclear tests unilaterally, feared that the U.S.S.R.'s move might "deprive us of the moral leadership."

Vital Samplings. Prodded at his news conference, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles fell into the hole, conceded that the U.S.S.R. had won "a certain propaganda victory." But, said Dulles, the President had been forewarned about the Kremlin's move, had consulted with senior officials (Dulles, Deputy Defense Secretary Donald Quarles, Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss) on whether "to try to steal a march on the Soviet" by announcing a suspension of U.S. nuclear tests. He had decided that this summer's tests of "clean," i.e., low-fallout, nuclear weapons at Eniwetok Atoll were essential to U.S. security. Said Dulles: "We decided that we could not, in fairness to our responsibilities and our duties to the American people, perhaps to humanity, desist in a program which we believe to be sound merely for propaganda purposes."

Next day the President took over the offensive. He told his news conference that the U.S.S.R.'s move was "just a side issue. I think it is a gimmick, and I don't think it is to be taken seriously." And soon overseas reports showed that, from Canada to France to Japan, there was much more suspicion and skepticism about the Kremlin's intentions than had been expected (see *FOREIGN NEWS*). The *Christian Science Monitor* summed up its own samplings thus: "People aren't fools. We believe that the Kremlin has underestimated the intelligence of today's world, that it has been a bit too clever, and that its insincerity can be exposed."

Vital Shiftings. But such healthy anti-propaganda propaganda was not to be allowed to win so easily. In that strange, halting process that occurs when the U.S. but not Russia—is about to test nuclear weapons, the stop-the-tests hue and cry began to rise. A group that included California's Chemist Linus Pauling and Britain's Philosopher Bertrand Russell brought suit in Federal District Court in Washington to enjoin Defense Secretary McElroy and members of the AEC from holding more nuclear tests. They promised to try to bring suit in British and Russian courts, too. Ban-the-bomb marchers in Manhattan and London got a joint four-column headline, two-column picture, on Page One of the august *New York Times*—"PEACE WALKERS" SCORE NUCLEAR ARMS.

For all of its brave words in public, the Administration began shifting uneasily in private under the propaganda, considered an offer to negotiate an end to nuclear tests, with inspection, after the U.S. test series at Eniwetok. Even Secretary Dulles, who had argued that unwarranted U.S.

concessions in the dangerous field of disarmament might weaken Western resolution, thought the time had come for second thought. At week's end President Eisenhower set in motion a review of the U.S. position on disarmament to be ready within three weeks.

THE SUPREME COURT The Judges or the Congress?

In three related cases, the nine Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court last week wrote twelve separate opinions, split with a fundamental bitterness unknown since 1946, when Justice Robert Jackson began feuding in public with Justice Hugo Black. As it happened, last week's cases had to



Arnold Newman-Life

DISSENTER FRANKFURTER
For awesome power, restraint.

do with the right of the U.S. to deprive native-born Americans of their citizenship for such acts as desertion or voting in the elections of a foreign country. But in their sum and substance, the Supreme Court's unvarnished differences went to a far more basic point: the power of the judicial branch of government to overrule the judgment of the legislative branch.

The issue was most clearly drawn in the case of Ohio-born Private Albert L. Trop, who escaped from an Army stockade in French Morocco in 1944, went over the hill, was picked up the next day, convicted of desertion and sent out with a dishonorable discharge. In 1957 he applied for a passport and was refused on grounds, clearly supported by a congressional act, that his desertion had cost him his citizenship. Chief Justice Earl Warren wrote the majority opinion, with Justices Hugo Black, William O. Douglas and Charles Evans Whitaker joining. William Brennan concurred. Felix Frankfurter, Harold Burton, Tom Clark and John Marshall Harlan dissented. The upshot: 5 to 4 in favor of citizenship for Trop.

Wrote Warren for the majority: "The

judiciary has the duty of implementing the constitutional safeguards that protect individual rights. When the Government acts to take away the fundamental right of citizenship, the safeguards of the Constitution should be examined with special diligence." Added Warren: "In some 81 instances since this court was established, it has determined that congressional action exceeded the bounds of the Constitution. It is so in this case."

In the dissent, Justice Frankfurter said that to uphold the expatriation act "is to respect the actions of the two branches of our Government directly responsive to the will of the people and empowered under the Constitution to determine the wisdom of legislation. The awesome power of this court to invalidate such legislation, because in practice it is bounded only by our own prudence in discerning the limits of the court's constitutional function, must be exercised with the utmost restraint." He took special exception to Earl Warren's citing of the 81 times the Supreme Court has declared acts of Congress unconstitutional. That, said Felix Frankfurter, ad-libbing in his opinion, was not much to boast about—especially since a good many of those decisions had later been reversed by the court itself.

Close Call on Contempt

By weight of precedent, few principles in U.S. law should be better settled than the right of federal judges to enforce their orders and judgments by criminal-contempt penalties, assessed without juries. Yet last week the Supreme Court itself came perilously close to denuding the judiciary of its summary criminal-contempt powers. In 1789 the First Congress, following common-law practice, specifically granted federal courts the power "to punish by fine or imprisonment, at the discretion of said courts, all contempts of authority in any cause or hearing before the same." In 1896 the Supreme Court declared: "If it has ever been understood that proceedings . . . for contempt of court have been subject to the right of trial by jury, we have been unable to find any instance of it."

In at least 40 cases the Supreme Court has upheld the judiciary's summary criminal-contempt power; indeed, it has been sustained by every Supreme Court Justice since 1874 except William Woods (1880-87), James Byrnes (1941-42), and some of those presently sitting. And during last year's fight on civil-rights legislation, the Congress even overrode bitter Southern opposition to give the courts limited powers to enforce voting rights with the criminal-contempt weapon.

"Anomaly in the Law." The case considered by the Supreme Court last week was that of top U.S. Communists Gilbert Green and Henry Winston, convicted under the Smith Act in 1949, each fined \$10,000 and sentenced to five years in prison. After sentencing, both jumped bail and hid out for nearly five years. When they gave themselves up in 1956, they were sentenced to three more years apiece for their contempt of court in jumping bond.

The criminal-contempt convictions were upheld last week by the Supreme Court—but only by a 5-to-4 vote.

The majority opinion, written by Justice John Marshall Harlan, cited the overwhelming precedent upholding criminal-contempt convictions without juries. Justice William J. Brennan reserved his opinion on the constitutional points involved, dissented on the ground of insufficient evidence. But Hugo Black wrote a dissenting opinion for himself. Chief Justice Earl Warren and William Douglas, which struck at the foundations of the judiciary's enforcement powers. Wrote Black: "The power of a judge to inflict punishment for criminal contempt by means of a summary proceeding stands as an anomaly in the law . . . No official regardless of his position or the purity and nobleness of his character, should be granted such autocratic omnipotence."

"*Sinecure of the Law.*" What Hugo Black and dissenting brethren did not concede was that by attempting to wipe out by judicial decree the principle and practice of centuries, they were arrogating to themselves a very real sort of omnipotence. That fact was pointed out in an opinion, concurring with the majority, by Felix Frankfurter: "To be sure, it is never too late for this court to correct a misconception in an occasional decision. [But] to say that everybody on the court has been wrong for 150 years and that that which has been deemed part of the bone and sinew of the law should now be extirpated is quite another thing. Decision-making is not a mechanical process but neither is this court an originating lawmaker."

Closing the Book

The Supreme Court also closed the book on one of the last of the Truman Administration scandals last week: it refused to review the convictions of Matthew J. Connelly, appointments secretary to President Truman, and Theron Lamar ("Sweet Thing") Caudle, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's tax division. They were fined \$5,500 and sentenced to two years in prison each for conspiring to fix a tax case during their days in power. Although Connelly and Caudle can ask the Supreme Court to reconsider, their chances are indeed remote.

CALIFORNIA

Death on the Pink Carpet

To her, men are like new dresses, to be donned and doffed at her pleasure. Seeing a fellow that attracts her, she's like a child looking at a new doll.

So wrote Hollywood Gossipist Hedda Hopper five years ago about the former Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner, the former Mrs. Artie Shaw, the former Mrs. Stephen Crane (twice), the former Mrs. Bob Topping, the former Mrs. Lex ("Tarzan") Barker—better known to millions as Cinemascope Lana Turner. Lana Turner had a daughter, Cheryl, to whom she gave gifts, money, luxurious living,

exclusive schooling—everything, in fact, except a normal upbringing.

Last week Cheryl Crane, 14, tall, brown-haired and obviously an unhappy child, came home for Easter from Ojai's Happy Valley School—only to find her mother, Actress Turner, in the midst of trying to discard her latest male doll. But in this case the doll was not too easy to throw away: he was hairily handsome Johnny Stompanato, 32, a bum-around-Hollywood whose main claim to fame was a record as a pal of six-hit Gangster Mickey Cohen. Johnny and Lana had traveled Europe together, spent two months in Mexico. But upon their return Lana began, as a Beverly Hills cop delicately put it last week, trying to "discourage his at-

Drenching Spring

Spring came to California in belting, pounding, soaking storms. They swept out of the icy land mass of Siberia, gathered fury and moisture over the Pacific, moved east and southeast along the jet stream, roared in around Marin County's Mt. Tamalpais in 100-m.p.h. gusts. In the first 3½ days of April, San Francisco got 3.96 in. of rain. Normal rainfall for all of April: 1.49 in. Rain cascaded down the city's spectacular slopes, spilled knee-deep into downtown streets. On residential Mt. Sutro a strange sea of mud 100 ft. long and 25 ft. deep seeped toward a couple of apartment houses. In the tidelands community of Alviso, almost all of the 1,000



LANA TURNER, STOMPANATO & DAUGHTER CHERYL®
At the foot of a commodious bed.

Associated Press

tentions." Johnny Stompanato got downright annoyed.

Last week Johnny Stompanato whisked up to Lana's Beverly Hills home in his Thunderbird, went raging in for a showdown. Cheryl Crane heard her mother and Stompanato arguing in Lana's bedroom. "I'll get you if it takes a day, a week or a year!" cried Stompanato. "I'll cut you up. I'll stomp you, and if I can't do it myself, I'll find someone who can." Frightened Cheryl went to the kitchen, picked up a 10-in. butcher knife went to the bedroom. "You don't have to take that, Mamma," she said, and plunged the knife into Stompanato. He crumpled, fell dead on Lana's pink carpet at the foot of Lana's commodious bed.

Lana Turner called Jerry Giesler, Hollywood's favorite lawyer. Cheryl Crane called Restaurateur Stephen Crane her father, whom Lana divorced shortly after Cheryl's birth. Then Cheryl went quietly off to the Beverly Hills police station. Lana Turner went with her, later returned alone to the big colonial house with the pink bedroom, where her wild sons could be heard by people on the lawn out front.

residents evacuated their homes before 4-to-8-ft. floods. Against four miles of coastline near Rockaway Beach, the ocean battered in mighty 40-ft. breakers.

Spring swept on across the state, wrenching at homes, uprooting trees, blocking highways and railroads, swelling rivers and streams and sogging levees to wrap up Northern California's wettest winter since 1860. In the majestic High Sierra the storms piled new snow into 20-ft. drifts, marooned 1,000 vacationers in ski lodges and Nevada state line gambling clubs bogged transcontinental trucks straining across Donner Pass, treated 97 passengers aboard Southern Pacific's crack streamliner *City of San Francisco* to 30 hours of well-fled isolation in a snowbound snowshed near the pass.

In the irrigated Central Valley, spring soaked apricot trees, vineyards, alfalfa stands, tomato rows and the hopes of thousands of farmers. Sample casualty: the cotton grower, afraid that he would not be able to work his fields before the normal May 10 planting deadline; to

® On Lana's homecoming from Mexico last month



TRUCKS IN THE HIGH SIERRA

work them later would mean the risk of bad weather during the fall picking season, lower-grade cotton, lower prices. Cotton was a \$250 million crop in the valley last year.

Spring pounded, too, at Southern California, already hosed and embarrassed by its own wettest winter in six years. Recurrent slides of rain-soaked earth dumped 500,000 tons of rubble on to U.S. Highway 101A, west of Los Angeles, killed the district highway superintendent, rolled over and buried dozens of trucks, left two blocks of fashionable Pacific Palisades homes perilously close to the edge. The Mojave Desert's Mojave River, known as "Upside-Down River" because all but a trickle of its flow is underground, rose to near-flood dimensions near Barstow.

Near week's end President Eisenhower, surveying storm's results—twelve deaths, 5,000 people doused out of their homes, flash-estimate damage of \$12 million to \$100 million—declared California a federal disaster area.

GEORGIA

Oh, Brother

As ranking aide and favorite brother of Georgia's Governor Marvin Griffin and as mayor of their home town of Bainbridge (pop. 7,562), cigar-chomping, lapel-grabbing Robert Alwyn ("Cheney") Griffin, 43, is at ease in almost any Georgia setting, from columned plantation to smoke-heavy hotel room. But last week Cheney Griffin suddenly discovered himself in a setting that made him ill at ease. Indicted on charges of accepting a \$1,500 political bribe, Cheney taxied down to Atlanta's Fulton County jail, posted \$2,500 bond, then skipped off to await his trial next month.

Cheney Griffin's troubles began when the big (circ. 190.693) Atlanta *Constitution* learned of a visit to the capital last year by a delegation from southeastern Georgia's Appling County. About 20 years ago Appling County deeded almost 1,000 acres of land to the state for forestry experimentation; the delegation wanted

125 acres back for a golf course. The Georgia senate was agreeable; so was the house. So, too, was Marvin Griffin, who ultimately had to sign the bill. But according to the Fulton County grand jury indictment, Cheney took \$1,500 to start the ink flowing in the governor's pen. The Appling County folks went in debt to pay.

Cheney's indictment last week was only one difficulty facing the Griffins. Not only was the *Constitution* on their littered trail, but Marvin Griffin had stirred up a more dangerous foe. Aware that Georgia's strongman, U.S. Senator Herman Talmadge, had hand-picked Lieutenant Governor Ernest Vandiver as the next governor (TIME, Feb. 17), Griffin—who cannot succeed himself—nevertheless picked and began pushing his own nominee. In retaliation the Talmadge-dominated state senate ordered an investigation of the governor's administration. And if there are any political bodies buried around, the Talmadge fans will know where and how to find them.

KANSAS

Punchy Commission

In the meat-packing, oil and aviation city of Wichita, Kans. (pop. 250,000), there is no better entertainment, to judge from the attendance, than the weekly meetings of the five-man nonpartisan city commission. Spectators throng city hall to witness the give and take of sewerage, highway problems and business licensing laws, and frequently the meetings are broadcast to overflow crowds in the corridors. Three TV stations film every byplay, five radio stations record every word of what Wichita fans call "the Tuesday night fights." One reason for the excitement: a furious feud between Commissioner John Stevens, 47, Wichita-born, of Lebanese descent, spokesman for the Lebanese-American colony known as "Syrians," or "West Side Indians," and City Commissioner Alfred Howse, 58, Wichita-born businessman, investment broker, real-estate executive, who lives on the classier East Side of town.



WORKERS IN SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Associated Press

The upside-down river was right side up.

Last week's Topic A was zoning. Adroitly, Commissioner Howse drew from a witness an admission that Commissioner Stevens had been privately consulted on a city zoning matter in which he had a possible interest. "It's just another attempt to smear me," retorted Stevens, whose nerves were already jangled because his vending-machine business is in deep trouble with the state sales-tax authorities. "I would hate to bring up the thousands of people who have conferred with Commissioner Howse on matters like this." Mayor E. E. Baird banged his gavel, declared the meeting in recess.

Then, with all eyes and three TV cameras on him, Stevens got up, walked across the platform, conferred briefly with Howse and belted him on the jaw, knocking the bespectacled Howse out of his seat and off the platform. "He called me a son of a bitch," Stevens told his friends afterward. "I didn't," said Howse, a retired Air Force colonel who still suffers from the effects of a crash at sea during World War II. "I was studying the agenda, and the next thing I knew I was flying through the air."

Next day, from the state capital at Topeka, came cluck-clucks from Democratic Governor George Docking. "I'm glad I don't live in Wichita," said he. "All this is embarrassing, particularly when we are trying to bring in new industries." The Wichita *Eagle* and the *Beacon* both called for Stevens' resignation. His Lebanese-American friends rallied to his support. The old-time reformers suggested that the whole city commission-city manager form of government, pioneered by Wichita back in 1916, ought to be junked in favor of old-fashioned, relatively disciplined "partisan government."

There are about 1,100 Lebanese-Americans in Wichita, descendants of victims of Turkish persecution who migrated to New York City in the 1890s, sold rugs and dry goods, moved west to settle in Illinois, Michigan and on the Chisholm Trail at boom-town Wichita. Leading Wichita Lebanese-Americans: the Farha brothers, owners of seven supermarkets; U.S.A.F. Jet Ace Lieut. Colonel James Jabara.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE ATOMIC AGE Self-Inflicted Wound

People generally mean by propaganda that which influences others but not themselves. Constant emphasis on propaganda thus carries the prideful risk of regarding other people as more gullible than oneself. This little lesson came home to roost last week. For two weeks the U.S. Government had been living uneasily with the prospect that the U.S.S.R. would announce unilateral suspension of nuclear weapons tests. Last week, when Russia did, even Secretary of State John Foster Dulles conceded that Russia had scored "a certain propaganda victory, or, at least a success."

Washington particularly feared a Russian success in the nations of Asia and Africa that sit out the cold war and wish that nobody had any nuclear weapons. And many an Asian raised an expected cheer at Gromyko's announcement. Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, 79-year-old ex-Governor General of India, called the Soviet test suspension "God's Russian miracle—let us hope this noble gesture is contagious." In Burma the *New Times* hailed it as "a clear moral victory over the U.S."

But what was surprising was not the cheers, but the lack of more of them. In India the *Hindustan Times* carefully emphasized that Russia was better able than the U.S. to take such a step because the Soviets had just completed an extensive series of tests. In Japan, despite a national obsession with the dangers of fallout, only 40 people bothered to appear when the left-wing Students' Federation (220,000 members) called for a demonstration in front of the U.S. embassy. Even the Egyptian press received the Soviet announcement coolly. Said Cairo's *Al Akhbar*: "It would appear that the U.S. and British governments look upon the Soviet proposals as a mere means for obtaining people's applause..."

A Meal to Digest. Europeans, even when awarding the Russians a victory, for the most part treated the whole subject as a game to be scored. West Germany's Socialists, busy agitating against Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's decision to equip the West German army with atomic weapons, saw the Russian announcement as another defeat for the U.S.'s "unwieldy foreign policy." Some British editorialists were convinced that Russia had outsmarted the West, and that Dulles' statement that the U.S. had considered renouncing tests itself just made matters worse. "A boxer who has just received a crisp and efficient blow on the jaw recovers no points by claiming that he saw it coming," snapped the London *Economist*.

But even London's left-wing *New Statesman* spotted the Russian trap: "Very well, says Mr. Khrushchev: I have a heavy meal to digest: let us all stop eating until I am hungry again." And even as the Soviets were congratulating themselves on the effectiveness of their "noble gesture" on British public opinion, the steam was visibly going out of Britain's ban-the-H-bomb movement. The noise made by pacifists and leftists who favor nuclear disarmament for Britain continued; last week nearly 4,000 of them, a ragtag army accompanied by skiffle musicians, set forth from Trafalgar Square in a protest march to the Aldermaston nuclear weapons research center 10 miles from London. But their public impact seemed to be fading.

Said one government official with relief: "As far as we are concerned, the battle for retention of a British H-bomb is over, and those who have argued to keep it have won." Said Prime Minister Harold Macmillan in the House of Commons: "I am as anxious for an advance in disarmament as any other member of this House, but I am anxious that it should be properly negotiated, properly tied up, effective, and without endangering our own secu-

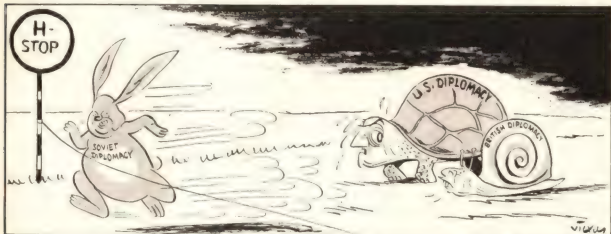
rity." And though Laborite "Nye" Bevan demanded "more moral courage from the Prime Minister," Labor M.P.s themselves, in a noisy 2½ hour caucus, went on record in favor of Britain's retaining its H-bomb. The Labor Party, though officially for ending H-bomb tests, is not anxious to inherit a half-perfected bomb.

Transparent Paladin. In one respect, the U.S.S.R. could indeed claim a propaganda victory: it had jockeyed the U.S. leaders into premature admission that they had taken a licking. Clearly, the transparent Russian effort to pose as a paladin of nuclear disarmament had not convinced anybody not already convinced. The happy fact was that people seemed to be less easy to delude than Moscow hoped or Washington feared.

HUNGARY Garden Fresh

Nikita Khrushchev is a bull who is not particular about which china shop he bustles through. Fresh from his triumphal "election" as Soviet Premier and accompanied by his latest favorite, First Deputy Premier Frol Kozlov (see box, p. 24), Khrushchev descended on Budapest, scene of his most dubious triumph. He bounced out of his TU-104 jetliner, kissed Hungarian Party Chief Janos Kadar and Premier Ferenc Munnich on both cheeks, and with a wave of a black Homburg, told 4,000 stone-faced Hungarians: "The Soviet Union and the other Socialist countries are your most loyal friends." Replied the sallow, thin-haired Kadar, without a blink at the sepulchral irony of his own words: "The Hungarian people will never forget that Soviet troops liberated our country."

Guards stood watch every 20 yards along his road to the city, and lined up two deep the second day as he laid a wreath on the Soviet war memorial. Also on hand, though unannounced in any list of the Soviet delegation, was Colonel



"IT'S A TRICK, SELWYN!"
Propaganda is for the other fellow.

WEEKLY—London Daily Mirror



KHRUSHCHEV, KOZLOV & KADAR IN BUDAPEST
And nary a B in sight.

General Ivan Serov, the Soviet secret police boss who was returning to the scene of his crime. It was he who had treacherously arrested General Pál Maleter, hero of the 1956 Budapest rising, as Maleter parleyed with Red army officers.

Plants & Digs. Before long, Khrushchev ducked away from his security guards, hopped over a park railing, and started shaking hands and kissing children, calling back to Kadar to come and translate for him. Ceremonies creaked on through their echoing silences and the shabby little parade of the Hungarian army, on the 13th anniversary of Hungary's capture from the Nazis, only served to show that it could muster neither as many tanks, planes, rockets nor men as the other military force stationed in Hungary—the Red army. But it was a national holiday and Good Friday, and after the parade a crowd of perhaps 200,000 Hungarians surged through the streets.

Khrushchev started his speech in Russian, then let a translator read on in Hungarian. It was as brutal a speech as the one in which he told Berliners last summer that they would never see their country united on any terms but Moscow's. From a platform set up at the foot of the huge Stalin statue whose destruction by rioters sparked the 1956 uprising, he announced that the democracies of the West must not think of including Eastern Europe on the summit agenda: "No, gentlemen, don't step into anyone else's garden."

The silence was total as his words sank in. Khrushchev jeered at President Eisenhower's comment on the Soviet decision to stop nuclear tests: "If Eisenhower really thinks we have stopped atomic and hydrogen tests for propaganda reasons, then why don't he and other Western statesmen try the same propaganda and halt tests themselves?"

Kicks & Kisses. Khrushchev's visit squelched the insistent rumors that Rakosi and other old-guard types were on the way back to supplant Kadar, who was once himself out of favor and brutally tortured in Communist prisons. Kadar's

renewed mandate seemed to be sealed by the first airport kiss and stamped and double-stamped in platform pronouncements and party powwows. Just before Khrushchev's call, Kadar had ducked over into northern Yugoslavia for a secret meeting with Marshal Tito. Apparently, both Khrushchev and Tito want Hungarians to resign themselves and agree that poor Kadar stands for all the liberation they can expect for now.

RUSSIA

Back to the Bank

Ever a fine figurehead of a man, portly Nikolai Bulganin smiled and applauded last week as his successor tipped him into the dustbin of history.

Reading off his new ministerial list to the Supreme Soviet, Khrushchev was a long time getting to his old sidekick's name. Bulganin got the job of chairman of the state bank, the very post he held 20 years ago when B. and K. were not yet a junketing, summit-going team but only a cloth-capped pair of commissars. He now ranks 44th in the roster of 45, just after Police Chief Ivan Serov and well below such eminences as Minister of Bakery Products Leonid Korniets, No. 25.

Back in 1935, when Soviet Communism wanted to smile, shake hands and play pen pals with the West after Stalin's death, the Kremlin had look to Bulganin's smooth good looks, benign good manners, and easy way with a glass. Bulganin was an Old Bolshevik whose long years of managing Soviet agencies without ever saying a flat yes-or-no had only enhanced his ability to look, dress and propose toasts like a Belgian burgomaster. "A real gentleman," cooed a French chorus girl from a visiting troupe he once called on backstage at the Bolshoi. "A master at creating an atmosphere of relaxed tension," said a Western ambassador. In a

KREMLIN COMER

NAMED last week as First Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union (a rank shared only with the seemingly indestructible agile Armenian, Anastas Mikoyan): **Frol Romanovich Kozlov**, a man all but unknown even to foreign specialists in Soviet affairs.

Early Life. Born Aug. 17, 1908, in the village of Loshchinino, southeast of Moscow, and like a good Communist leader, described as the son of peasants. Started work in a textile plant at 15, joined the Young Communist League and, at 18 in 1926, the Communist Party itself. The party sent him to a workers' college and then to Leningrad Polytech.

Career Beginnings. Sent to Izhevsk in the Urals as a foreman in a steel plant, he was shifted in 1939 into the ranks of Russia's real managers, as a party secretary in his plant. A Red junior executive marked for bigger things, he was brought to Moscow in 1944 to work for the party's Central Committee. Otherwise, nothing is known of his war years.

Khrushchev's Man. His climb to power dates from the murky 1949 days of the "Leningrad Case" (Time, July 22, 1957), when the then powerful Georgy Malenkov liquidated the backers of Andrei Zhdanov. Kozlov emerged as Leningrad city party leader. His writings of that day, like every-

one else's, were stock Stalinist: "The party is the holy of holies; protecting its purity is the duty of a Communist." Even "the loss of a party card is a crime against the party."

When Khrushchev became party First Secretary in 1953, he journeyed to Leningrad to install Kozlov as party leader for all of Leningrad province, replacing a Malenkov supporter. In February 1957 Kozlov became an alternate member of the ruling Presidium of the party's Central Committee. Last June, when Khrushchev toppled Malenkov, Molotov & Co., Kozlov reached full membership on the Presidium. An experienced manipulator of the party apparatus, he is believed to be the man who at that crucial moment did most to quickly round up the 130-odd members of the Central Committee to rescue Khrushchev from defeat in the Presidium. In December he became Premier of the Russian Republic, largest in the Soviet Union.

Personality & Appearance. Half a head taller than the stubby Khrushchev, handsome Frol Kozlov has curly grey-blond hair and was photographed for his *Pravda* biography in an unorthodox button-down shirt. He is rated quick, intelligent, forceful, a good speaker with an assured presence, as if sometimes allowed to have his own way in what he has to say.

face softened by comfortable living, his courtly smile was matched by the appraising eye of a river-boat gambler. Once, when Khrushchev & Co. were out of town, he accepted a toast to the Soviet government: "I can drink to that. Tonight I am the Soviet government."

The appraising eye expertly judged his station well until last June's showdown fight caught Bulganin too far out between yes and no: he accepted an invitation to chair a Presidium meeting after the Kremlin opposition had objected to Khrushchev's presiding. He has been on the skids ever since. After Khrushchev fought off the Presidium's move to replace him by summoning the whole Central Committee to overrule them, Molotov, Malenkov and Kaganovich were promptly denounced as "anti-party intriguers" and banished to the sticks: Presidium Members Saburov and Pervukhin were set down soon after.

But Bulganin, though replaced as Khrushchev's traveling partner for last summer's tour through East Germany, stayed on as Premier. When in last month's Supreme Soviet elections, he was shunted to a faraway Caucasian constituency and nominated for far fewer places than other big shots, Moscow watchers knew his time at last was up. How had he lasted so long? Likeliest reason: his public demotion last year would have enabled anyone capable of counting on his fingers to conclude that Boss Khrushchev had in fact been voted down last June by a majority of the eleven-man Presidium.

FRANCE

Incautious Invitation

Even the most dedicated French parliamentarians are beginning to question how long the Fourth Republic's weak parliamentary system—of ineffectual Premiers and squabbling Assemblies—can or should last. The latest critic: Robert Schuman, himself head of two of France's 24 postwar governments, and now newly elected president of the European Parliamentary Assembly. In the course of a speech on European integration given at the University of Virginia, Schuman injected a "marginal and probably incautious remark." Said he:

"From our experiences in the first World War, we knew how important it was to give one man the responsibility of organizing and leading troops of different nations. Should present-day France, if I may say this in passing, perhaps resort to the same solution by giving one man, or better, a small team, temporary power to reform its political institutions, which, as everyone agrees, are unsound?"

Schuman later explained that any step toward "stability and authority" must be taken only through "democratic and parliamentary measures," but his "incautious remark" sounded like one more cautious invitation for a return of General Charles de Gaulle. 67, who sits in MacArthurian solitude at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises waiting for the French Assembly to admit its own bankruptcy and send for him on his own terms.

MOROCCO

Royal Dialogue

The King of Morocco got a few pointers last week on how to be a king from a man who very much wants to be one. As Mohammed V explained his plans for spreading more democracy throughout his land, his distinguished guest, Henri Robert Ferdinand Marie Louis-Philippe de Bourbon-Orléans, Comte de Paris, great-grandson of King Louis-Philippe and pretender to the throne of France, somewhat nervously interrupted.

Comte de Paris: Do not go too far in the democratic direction.

The King: We can take what is best from others.

Comte de Paris: Democracy is very

sponsored West African Federation. When the Mauritians left for the Riviera, their hosts saw them off with high hope and amity.

The four delegates flew to Nice—but the next thing France knew, they had flown via Switzerland to Egypt to confer with France's archenemy, President Nasser. Last week, having dropped out of sight for 2½ months, they arrived in Morocco to swear allegiance to Mohammed V.

The "Wild Men." In a solemn ceremony in the royal palace at Rabat, the proud Emir of Tarza symbolically placed his title "at the Sultan's feet." "Our ancestors," said the Mauritians, "recognized the authority of the Great Sultan Moulay Ismail during the reign of the French King Louis XIV." Replied King



THE COMTE DE PARIS & MOROCCO'S MOHAMMED V
The masses are apt to go too far.

F. Pottecher

dangerous in its extreme forms. Liberty should not be anarchy.

The King: There is authority to which the people give their free assent.

Comte de Paris: It is essential to give leadership to the masses, without which they will go too far.

"Sons of the Same Country"

Of all the delegates from French Africa to attend a conference in Paris last January, none were more lavishly treated than the four gentlemen from Mauritania—the ore-rich land that stretches, twice the size of France, from south of Morocco to black Senegal. Resplendent in blue turbans, the four Moors were feted and flattered for four days straight. They seemed to have no quarrel with Mauritania's status as a semi-autonomous political entity inside French West Africa. And since they included two council ministers, a tribal sheik and the powerful Mohammed Ould Fall Oumer, Emir of Tarza and absolute ruler of 50,000 warriors, France had every reason to believe that it had won strong support for its plans to set up a central executive over the loosely linked, French-

Mohammed: "We are the sons of the same country, our beloved Morocco."

The Mauritians' action was inspired not so much by hatred for France ("No one," the Emir assured the press, "can say that Mauritania has been exploited by France. On the contrary, it is for her a burden") as the Moors' fear of being part of a tighter West African Federation that might be dominated by Negroes. Mauritania's pro-French Premier Si Moktar Ould Daddah promptly branded them "traitors," begged France not to judge his country by the doings of a few "wild men." Nevertheless, as both Rabat and Paris realized, the four defecting delegates had given Mohammed's Greater Morocco campaign its biggest propaganda boost yet. Morocco, which gained its independence two years ago without ever having its southern borders officially defined, claims a sizable part of the western Sahara, the remaining North African possessions of Spain, and all of the land and unexploited resources of Mauritania (pop. 650,000).

Another Step. Nor was this King Mohammed's only success last week. After secret negotiations in Portugal, Spain and

Morocco announced that Spain would turn over to Mohammed the Southern Spanish Protectorate, the tiny wedge of territory between Morocco and the Spanish Sahara. The sparsely populated territory is all but worthless, and Spain had decided to give it up all of two years ago but to Moroccans it was another triumph.

Mohammed's expansion is accompanied by an increasing disenchantment with the French. The palace announced last week that at long last the King had become "reconciled" to Abd el Krim, the fanatically anti-French Moroccan rebel of the 1921-26 Rif wars, who until now has preferred to live in exile in Egypt rather than to bow to a King he insisted was nothing more than a French puppet. Abd el Krim, now a withered 76, will henceforth receive a pension from the Moroccan government for his past "inestimable services."

INDIA

Volunteering into the Vacuum

For a decade after the British Raj left India, the rich, bustling city of Bombay was one of the bastions of Prime Minister Nehru's Congress Party. Last week its 131-man Municipal Corporation elected a new mayor, and chose a Communist: a colorless hack named S. S. Mirajkar.

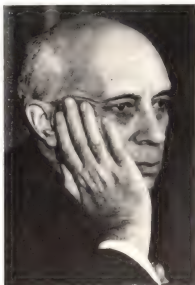
Mirajkar's election was a sample of the way Communism is gaining in India—not by dynamic thrust, but merely by being around to pick up the pieces from the disintegrating Congress Party. Once the lean, eager arm of the independence movement, the Congress Party has become rich, careless and decadent, with all power concentrated in the hands of a small band of elderly wheelhorses.

Time to Retire? Even more damaging has been mounting evidence of Congress Party corruption, epitomized in the public mind by the insurance scandal that led to the ouster of ex-Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari (TIME, March 3). In Delhi, another longtime Congress Party stronghold, Congress candidates last month won only 31 out of 80 Municipal Corporation seats. Three weeks ago in Calcutta, Siddhartha Ray, a bright young Congress Party minister in the West Bengal state government, resigned office with the angry charge that "the people who control the West Bengal Congress today [are] an unscrupulous section of rich industrialists, traders and businessmen—the privileged class of modern India."

Last week, bringing up charges that the Congress Party is suffering from tired leadership, an Indian reporter told Nehru that there had been suggestions that he resign the premiership, at least temporarily. "I might retire my tenure when I feel like it," answered Nehru. "I am a man of moods." Then, gazing reflectively up at the ceiling, he added: "I do feel flat and stale, and I don't think it is right for a person to feel that way and have to deal with vital and important problems. My work needs freshening up . . . but I think I may have some further years of effective service because I am bodily fit. While I cannot judge my own mind, I don't think it is slipping."

"Seat by Seat." What makes Nehru's staleness and Congress Party decay more than just a passing concern is the fact that ten years of Nehruvian rule have produced no effective democratic opposition in India, inside the government or out. Taking advantage of this, India's Communists volunteered their way into the vacuum. Keenly recalling the national obloquy they earned by trying armed revolt in 1948, the Communists have set out to establish themselves as the chief "democratic alternative" to the Congress Party. Their professed aim is to climb to power peacefully, capturing India "seat by seat and state by state." Careful not to make direct attacks on popular Jawaharlal Nehru, the Communists portray him as the lone healthy voice in his own party, piously urge him to cleanse Congress Party ranks of anti-socialists "as Christ drove the money-changers from the temple."

So far, these tactics have paid off handsomely. In last year's general elections the



Carl Mydans—Life

Nehru:
"I do feel flat and stale."

Communists got 12 million votes (2,470,000 in 1952), won seats in every state assembly, and startled the world by taking over as the legal government of the steamy little state of Kerala. They have their eyes on Andhra and West Bengal next.

This week the nation's top 700 Communists are gathering confidently in Amritsar in the Punjab to reorganize their party—primarily by scrapping the five-man "cell" in favor of "branches" of up to 200 members. Objective: to double party membership (from 250,000 to 500,000) within the next year.

At the moment, few believe that they will soon realize their long-term goal of capturing complete control of the world's largest democracy. But the *Times of India* soberly reported: "After 15 years of existence, the Communist Party has now emerged as a great political force in this country."

GREAT BRITAIN

Sunset Gun

*The nations battle overseas,
The missiles scorch, the tanks advance,
While we continue at our ease
With cattle-shore and floral dance.
Great powers must come
To frightful doom:
Only the impotent but gay
Can hope to face the world today.*

With this bit of elegiac poesy, *Punch* last week began five pages of sardonic advice to its readers on "Britain's New Role: Learning To Be a 2nd Class Power." Instead of sighing for the golden days of Empire, *Punch* urged that Britons look to the wonderful possibilities of the future "once it has been established that Britain is operating in the second division."

Some of the promised goodies:

¶ "Second-class powers are not ashamed of being poor, of being too poor to shoulder the white man's burden or to compete with first-class powers in providing aid for uncommitted countries." Best of all, when a second-class nation needs help, it can declare itself uncommitted. "Response is prompt. The West suggest a loan of countless dollars repayable over two thousand years. The East offer the free labor of twenty million skilled Siberians. Second-class powers can hardly wait for China to become fully first-class. Three sources of foreign aid are better than two."

¶ To be definitely second-class makes things pleasanter when traveling abroad. "It is no longer necessary to preserve British prestige. The loud, peremptory tone of command, once obligatory, may be dropped to a cringing mumble." Bravery is never demanded of citizens of second-class powers. "The day is over when a single cry of *An securos!* put six British swimmers in the sea as one man. Any *securos* that's wanted can be furnished by Americans—or Russians." And one need never again dread "the anguish of handing over a fistful of lire, conscious of being done but fearful to make a scene. Make scenes. You can be mean and haggard."

¶ There will be changes at home, too. "Folk-art of all kinds has a pleasantly second-class air. Looms should be brought to cottage doors; old men should plait oars in full view of the traffic and smithies must have wide-open doors. The riding of bicycles by royalty should be introduced gradually, in an unobtrusive way. Rioting by students at universities is already well under way, but there is still too much nambypambyism. The use of stones and tear-gas by the respective sides is overdue. One or two professors must be killed." Parliament needs shaking up: "There are still far too few ex-Prime Ministers. Governments must change repeatedly. The formation of parties pledged to make the constitution unworkable will help. Oil must be discovered in enormous quantities, except between the hours of twelve and four, which will be observed as siesta time."

To be really first-rate citizens of a second-class power, Britons, says *Punch*, must throw off centuries-old habits and

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*Optional at extra cost.





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ITALY

Up a Little

Shortly after World War II the Communists controlled 90% of Italy's organized workers. The big breakthrough against them came in 1955, when the workers in Turin's big, prosperous Fiat automobile, aviation and refrigerator plants for the first time gave anti-Communists a majority in their shop stewards' council. Last year, when the main issue was Hungary, the Reds stepped further: got only 21.1% of the Fiat vote. Last week, with Hungary no longer so dramatic an issue, Fiat's workers balloted again. The non-Communist unions, now bickering among themselves, won a comfortable 168 seats to 36 for the Reds, but the Communist vote increased 4.2% (to 25.3%)—the first time in three years that the Red vote went up instead of down.

GREECE

The Vow

Before he set off for America at the age of 25, Athanassios Konstantinides, a poor Greek farmer in Asia Minor, made a vow to a 15-year-old girl. Never would he be "lured by an American beauty"; when his fortune was made, he would send back to the Turkish village of Yalazik for his beloved Soutlana, and they would be married. Soutlana promised to wait for him. That was in 1913.

Athanassios made his way to the automobile factories and metal shops of Detroit. From time to time he mailed \$5 bills back to Soutlana, but World War I prevented a reunion. In 1922 Soutlana and her family were driven from Yalazik by the war between Turks and Greeks. A year passed before the lovers re-established contact; regretfully, they despaired of getting Soutlana into the U.S. immigration quota. In 1930 Athanassios sent \$275 to his brothers to buy Soutlana's passage to America. The brothers, he says, never gave her the letter or the money, and reported that Soutlana had disappeared.

In 1933 Soutlana, by now 35, at last bowed to her family's argument that she would never see Athanassios again, and gave in to the demands that she marry one Christos Savides. As the Depression years and World War II passed, Athanassios Konstantinides (his name changed to Tom Constantine) went into the café business, and Soutlana Savides became first a mother and then a grandmother.

By 1956 Athanassios, still a bachelor, had learned that Soutlana was married and living in the village of Mavrodendri. He left his business and rushed off to Greece. But, fearing that "it would be hard for Soutlana to abandon the little ones," Athanassios returned to Detroit. In January of this year, Soutlana dis-

patched a telegram: COME AND MEET ME AT VERROIA RAILROAD STATION OR I WILL TAKE POISON. They met and eloped.

Last week Athanassios, 70, and Soutlana, 60, were living together in a one-room apartment in the northern Greek town of Edessa. "I am not unfaithful to my husband," said Soutlana. "I had warned him that if Athanassios ever came back, I would go with him immediately." At first Soutlana's husband sent police after the couple, but now reportedly has agreed to a divorce. "We will be married," insisted Athanassios confidently, just as he had vowed 45 years ago.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Lion's Roar

With voting day only two weeks off, Premier Johannes Strijdom last week carried South Africa's election campaign to his sun-baked home town of Nylstroom in central Transvaal. Awaiting him in



SOUTH AFRICA'S STRIJDOM
For God and apartheid.

Nylstroom's town hall was a capacity crowd of leathery Boer farmers, their bosomy wives, and teen-age Nationalist Youth Bunches waving the flag of the old British-hating Transvaal Republic. From the platform a local politico shouted out an introduction in Afrikaans: "Our candidate is the lion of the North. Tonight you are going to hear him roar."

Stabbing the air with his fingers, shaping it like a symphony conductor, gaunt Johannes Strijdom lived up to his billing. "We Afrikaners," he thundered, "believe that God put us on the southern tip of the African continent to establish, build and maintain white civilization. We must destroy any move toward bastardization. For this reason the government has introduced apartheid [racial segregation] into every possible sphere." At the opposition United Party, which draws its support largely from South Africa's 1,200,000 citizens of British descent, Strijdom leveled a deadly charge: "They are imperialists more concerned with British interests and

prestige than South Africa's. Our aim is to make South Africa a free republic."

All signs were that come election day, Strijdom's Nationalists, thanks to effective gerrymandering, would win something like their present majority (94 out of 159 seats) in South Africa's House of Assembly, even if, as last time, they do not get an actual majority of votes. But whoever won, it would make little real difference to the nation's 9,250,000 voteless Africans, who outnumber the whites three to one. For anyone who cherished the illusion that the Nationalists were unique in their commitment to white supremacy, Sir de Villiers Graaf, leader of the United Party, had made it perfectly clear: "The United Party does not stand for equality, never has stood for equality, never will stand for equality."

NIGERIA

End of a Charmed Life

The half-million Moslems of Ibadan in Western Nigeria have two heroes: Hogan Bassey, the Nigerian boxer who is feather-weight champion of the world, and Adegoke Adelabu, 43, a spellbinder whose Ibadan People's Party is their first line of defense against surrounding tribes. The latest ring victory of their first hero (see SPORT) was not enough to compensate last week for what happened to their second.

On the eve of local elections, Adelabu drove to Lagos to confer with colleagues in the capital on how best to defeat the candidates of Obafemi Awolowo, Prime Minister of Western Nigeria and chief of the industrious Ijebu tribe. Returning home, Adelabu was speeding through the constituency of his rival, Awolowo, when his car sideswiped another and crashed into a ditch, killing Adelabu and two of his relatives. Many of his supporters could not believe his death: having survived 18 "political" trials in five years with no more punishment than a few chiding words from presiding judges, Adelabu was believed to have a charmed life. A hundred thousand mourners gathered for his funeral, and the rumor spread among them that their leader's death had been caused by Ijebu witch doctors using a lethal juju so powerful and selective that it killed Adelabu but preserved the lives of the occupants of the car that had crashed with his. Thousands of fanatics ranged the streets, beating up political opponents of the Ibadan People's Party, burning their houses, setting fire to cars parked in the streets. A tribal chieftain and his family were chopped to death because they showed insufficient grief at the passing of Adelabu. "Mammy wagons" (rural buses) that did not carry the traditional green twigs of mourning were overturned and destroyed, and the passengers forced to run for their lives. In ten days the official death toll was 20, and many lay in the hospitals. When the mob ran out of political opponents, it turned its fury on government tax collectors.

Prime Minister Awolowo, describing as "wicked and utterly false" the rumor that Adelabu's death had been caused by black

"T-I-M-B-E-R!"



Two out of every three players (that's right, 2 out of 3) in the National Amateur of 1957 played Titleist—sold, like all Acushnet balls, through golf course pro shops only.



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ROCKABILLY YAMASHITA & LOWTEENS
Streamers, screamers and seaweed.

Photo: AUSA—BIBBY, STON

magic, ordered in federal police reinforcements, who used tear gas and gunfire to break up the raging mobs, killing two and arresting 206 of the rioters. At week's end, Ibadan was still under a state of emergency. But Adelabu was dead and buried, and neither riot nor witchcraft could bring him back alive.

JAPAN

Rittoru Dahring

While pious Japanese celebrated the rites of spring by making the traditional round of Buddhist temples and the tombs of their ancestors, thousands of Japanese "lowteen" girls in braids, pony tails, hula shirts, black slacks and white sweaters celebrated in their own way: jamming Tokyo's Kyoritsu Theater to swoon and scream at the pelvic pulsations of guitar-twang "rockabilly" idols. Said a dazed stagehand last week, trying to describe the massed sound of their screams: "Like an auto suddenly braked at 100 m.p.h."

When a singer really sends them, Japanese lowteens (13- to 16-year-olds) hurl colored paper streamers onstage, and many of them practice at home to improve their marksmanship. Those who cannot afford streamers have taken to looting department-store powder rooms of rolls of toilet paper on which they scribble lipstick love messages, such as *daiter ageru wayo* (I shall hold you), before sending the tissue arching over the footlights. The top rockabilly stars—Masaaki Hirao, 20; Keijiro Yamashita, 19; Micky Curtis, 18, the son of an English father and an English-Japanese mother—wear flame-red shirts, rose-pink coats, lobster-colored tight pants, blue or white suede shoes. They have learned their art from listening to U.S. records of Elvis Presley, though sometimes the lyrics suffer a transoceanic mutilation, as in *Rub Me Tender* and Rittoru Dahring (*Little Darling*). Hi-

rao is solemnly described by one of his fans as "Japan's Elvis Presley but more acceptable to us because his gestures are not so obscene." Hirao's father, who manufactures teen-age cosmetics, prints his son's autograph on every box, and says: "I can't understand his music, but he and I can do business."

Japanese rockabilly began in Tokyo tearooms where, for 25¢, a patron can have a cup of coffee and several hours of canned or live music. When it moved to the theaters, 50,000 caterwauling girls piled into the Nichigeki in seven days carrying box lunches of rice and seaweed. The Koma Theater drew bigger crowds with rockabilly than with the New York City Ballet. Four hours before the doors opened at the Kyoritsu teen-agers had formed in a queue three blocks long.

Older critics reacted predictably, crying out against "lacquered monkeys" and their "apelike mumbblings." And a right-wing youth leader stormed: "This proves the Japanese should not have freedom!" But the little girls seemed not to hear, and the cascades of streamers and toilet paper did not stop. Brooded Sociologist Hideo Shibusawa: "Rockabilly is more like a pathetic distortion of religion than an outlet for sex. Rockabilly singers are the preachers of a strange new faith: the lowteens are the faith's blind worshippers."

THE INDIAN OCEAN

Men & the Sea

On a clear, moonlit night, the 9,786-ton Norwegian motorship *Skaubryn* plowed through the long swells of the Indian Ocean, six days south of Suez, bound for Australia with 1,088 passengers—mostly German and Maltese emigrants—and a crew of 200. At 8:45 p.m., trouble broke out in the engine room. A disconnected fuel line spurted a torrent of oil onto red-hot exhaust pipes. Within sec-

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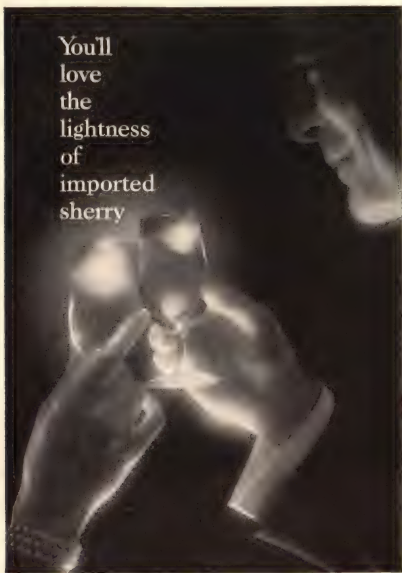
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onds, the engine room was a coiling mass of flames. The engine-room crew were driven out before they could even shut off the spurting oil.

As fire sirens wailed and choking smoke poured through the ship, a few men passengers panicked and rushed into the lifeboats ahead of sobbing women and screaming children. When they ignored orders to get out, they were knocked unconscious by crew members and dragged back on deck. But after that, the ship was abandoned in perfect order. In 35 minutes the *Skaubryn* was roaring from end to end like an acetylene torch, but every passenger and seaman was in the safety of lifeboats on the calm sea. As long as they were able, the two radio operators sent out S O S signals. The ship's master, Captain Ali Faeste, was the last man off, sliding down a rope with the log book. There was only one casualty: a German businessman died in his lifeboat of a heart attack.

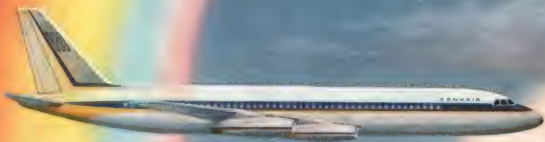
Within half an hour the lights of a rescue ship, the British freighter *City of Sydney*, bore down on the survivors. Children were lifted aboard in cargo baskets, men and women scrambled up rope ladders. A German emigrant from West Berlin said fervently, "The Indian crew and the English officers of the *City of Sydney* behaved wonderfully to us. One of the Indians put as many as eight children in his bed and brought them refreshments." Next day the *Skaubryn's* passengers and crew, men and women from 20 nations, were transferred from the overcrowded freighter to the Italian liner *Roma*, bound for Europe. Few of *Roma's* waiters, stewards, cooks and deckhands got more than four hours' sleep in the three days they cared for the survivors before putting them ashore at Aden, where volunteer relief committees had prepared a newly finished hospital and a girls' school to shelter them.

In the long roll of wrack at sea, the burning of the *Skaubryn* will be remembered as a disaster where men triumphed, and not the elements. The master of *City of Sydney* sent a radio message of farewell to *Skaubryn's* Captain Ali Faeste and his crew: "Your feat in lowering 16 boats containing 1,300 people into the water in 35 minutes without loss of life or injury, with so little warning, and from a blazing ship, is a superb example of seamanship and discipline unique in maritime history. When you speak of this disaster, you can hold your heads high, all of you."

MIDDLE EAST

Man to Man

"I would definitely go to Cairo any time [Nasser] invites me," said Israel's 71-year-old Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion last week. "Though I suspect his ambition is to be the dominating leader in Africa and the Moslem world," B-G told *Look's* William Attwood. "I have never thought of him as a Hitler; I don't think he would or could do what Hitler did. Therefore I would not hesitate to negotiate with him as man to man."



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THE HEMISPHERE



REBEL CHIEF CASTRO

CUBA

Less Than Total War

In the week that was supposed to open Fidel Castro's battle for Cuba, his ragged rebel army showed clearly enough what it could and could not do against the well-armed troops of Dictator Fulgencio Batista. Disorder spread through Oriente province as five rebel columns, totaling about a thousand men, roamed almost at will, blockading highways, cutting overhead wires, hacking down telephone poles. But when Castro dared close with the army in battle, the rebels were slaughtered.

Clumsiness v. Caution. One raiding force of rebels staged a clumsy daylight attack outside Manzanillo, planning to lure Batista's armor out from the big city garrison, pile it up by triggering a home-made mine in the road, and then pick off the soldiers with rifle fire. The armor did not come out, but truckloads of soldiers did. The mine was a dud. Coordinated ground fire and strafing planes caught the rebels in an open field, and at least half of the 21-man force was wiped out. The government reported that twelve more rebels were killed when they stormed the courthouse and post office in Embarcadero de Cauto.

For most of the week, the army holed up in its fortified bases—Manzanillo, Bayamo and Santiago—and the rebels took over the countryside, cutting off Oriente from the rest of Cuba. Fidel's brother, Raúl, led his 150 men out of the Sierra del Cristal, 100 miles northeast of the main rebel strongholds. One night at Moa Bay they held the Freeport Sulphur Co.'s \$75 million nickel mining project for twelve hours before pulling out. With no traffic moving in or out of Santiago, residents began dipping into hoarded food supplies. The rebels admitted that they were not yet ready to

take Santiago by armed assault, and the army seemed in no mood to leave the cities and go hunting in rebel country.

Death to Strikers. Castro hopes to turn this stalemate into victory by a general strike. Last week Batista served notice of just how bloody a strike would be. Using his emergency powers to govern by decree, he ruled that strikers would be fired, that employers who close shop would be jailed, and that loyal workers could carry arms. There would be no punishment, he decreed, for wounding or killing strikers. To make certain he has enough arms to pass around, Batista flew in 3,500 rifles from fellow Dictator Rafael Trujillo's Dominican Republic. The "Cristóbal" rifles, manufactured in Trujilloland by refugee Hungarian gunsmiths, more than made up for a shipment of 1,950 Garands, bound from the U.S. last month under a mutual defense pact but embargoed at the last minute by the U.S. for the duration of hostilities.

As the harsh antistrike measures were announced, Rebel Faustino Pérez, Castro's underground chief in Havana, rechecked his strength. The strike call, widely predicted for last week, did not come. "Wouldn't you think a long time?" asked one Cuban worker. "Batista's men will be shooting to kill." Habaneros hoarded food, staged a jittery run on the banks.

This Man Castro

By ponyback down a precipitous trail in Cuba's eastern Sierra Maestra, TIME Contributing Editor Sam Halper last week brought out a dispatch on Rebel Commander Fidel Castro's personality, plans and politics:

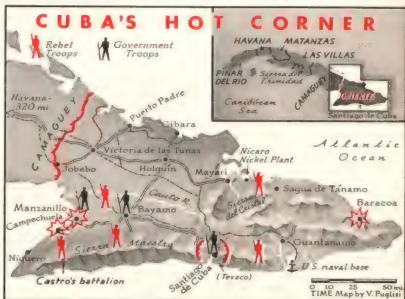
Well after dark, in a thundering rain, the rebels' jeep stopped in front of a big, wooden-walled barn with a palm-thatched roof. I hurried inside and

blinked at an extraordinary scene: an old woman tending grandchildren, rebel troops milling around, guitarists strumming, and under a dim kerosene lamp, rocking in a chair, surrounded by kids seated on up-turned 5-gal. cans, the bearded Rebel Castro. In the next days and nights, always on the move, I talked at length to Fidel Castro and got a thorough look at his ragtag, fanatic force.

Articulate Fighter. Arriving with me from outside the *territorio de Fidel* was a messenger with a Paper-Mate pen, which he gave to Castro. The rebel chiefstain regarded it amusedly, unscrewed the cap, took out a typed onionskin message from Fidelistas in Santiago de Cuba and read it, humming and rocking. Castro is a fighter; 16 months ago he invaded Cuba from a yacht. But he is also an articulate man interested in words, manifestos, books (he treasures a volume of Montesquieu) and the language of ideas.

"We have assumed the responsibility of throwing out Batista's dictatorship and re-establishing the constitutional rights and freedoms of the people," Castro says. "Our first fight is for political rights—and after that for social rights." At Havana University ten years ago, Castro hotly espoused a series of student-radical notions, e.g., nationalization of Cuba's U.S.-owned power and telephone companies. Now he says: "I am still the same revolutionary, but I have had time to study the political and economic factors. I understand that some ideas I used to have would not be good for Cuba. I do not believe in nationalization."

He now advocates amplified social security, along with speeded-up industrialization, to fight Cuba's chronic joblessness. In answer to Batista's charge that Castro's movement is "pro-Soviet and pro-Communist," friends of Castro point to the character of his army. Almost to a man,





Andrew S. Gump, CIA

INSURGENT COLUMN MOVING OUT ON PATROL

they are Roman Catholics, who wear religious medals on their caps or on strings around their necks. For the sake of getting on with the war, Castro says, he avoids fruitless political discussions with his one outrightly pro-Red captain.

Though he is often Olympian in his thunderbolt pronouncements, calling for "total, implacable war," face to face Castro is strictly realistic. Questioned about the possibility that Batista might crush the rebels' proposed general strike, he said: "If Batista loses, he loses for good; if I lose, I will just start over again." If he wins, Castro says, he proposes freer labor unions, a crackdown on corruption and punishment for government "criminals"—including bringing Batista to book. These measures imply a great deal of control over Cuba's future by Fidel Castro. He denies all presidential (or dictatorial) ambitions: "I can do more for my country giving an example of disinterestedness." But he insists that "our movement has the right to appoint the Provisional President." For that job, his present choice is a respectable but unknown lower-court judge named Manuel Urrutia (now exiled in the U.S.), largely because Urrutia once spoke up for the right of rebels to oppose dictatorships.

Untidy Troops. Castro's unpaid volunteer troops form a disorganized, barebones partisan army. They wear blue jeans or khaki pants, Truman shirts or Eisenhower jackets. About 10% have modern weapons. Garands captured from the Cuban army. The rest carry .22-cal. target rifles, double-barreled shotguns, Belgian sporting rifles, Springfields, cheap nickel-plated revolvers, an occasional vintage Krag or Winchester. They also have a couple of dozen .30-cal. machine guns, a few mortars and Browning automatic rifles. Castro runs a tiny arms factory to make tin-can-sized grenades out of sheet metal, TNT and Scotch tape.

The troops, mostly hardy Sierra Maestra boys, are grouped in widely separated "columns" under captains. The men march in infantry ranks as much as 15 miles a

day on the theory that standing still is perilous. There is no drill, no inspection, no radio communication, no headquarters. Four women march with the men: the wife of an imprisoned rebel, the widow of a rebel killed by cops, a girl once badly beaten by soldiers, a doctor's daughter. Dedicated to helping overthrow Batista, they cook, run messages, keep the force's slim records, guard its contributed funds and buy its food from Sierra village stores and peasants.

Reveille is sounded before daybreak by transistor radios blasting out the morning news. At their irregular meals, the men eat rice or boiled starchy roots, dried codfish or bananas, sometimes bœuf constrictor or raccoon. They march, often dry and thirsty, through the hot midday. Castro moves along with them, joshing his men,

United Press



WOUNDED REBEL IN WITHDRAWAL

examining their weapons, dressing-down laggards.

High Morale. Nothing about the appearance of Fidel's force would lead me to think it could fight, but so far this motley army has not been subdued by Batista's 20,000 men. Part of the reason, says Castro ironically, is that the government's "soldiers are not convinced of the justice of their work." More seriously, he goes on to say: "If they had been fighting for an ideal, they could have beaten us 30 times. But no man is supposed to die for \$35 a month."

The other part of the reason, of course, is that Castro's men have a cause. They believe in him (and hate Batista) fanatically; they believe that they are fighting for their country's freedom. Their real strength lies in the fact that they are obviously willing to die—and for nothing a month.

CANADA

Tory Landslide

Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, leader of Canada's all-conquering Progressive Conservative Party, flew off to Bermuda last week in a happy haze of fatigue and felicitations, more than ready to soak up a few days of sunlight before tackling his country's lowering problems of recession and unemployment. Behind him was the most dramatic election landslide in Canada's history, a coast-to-coast sweep that carried Tory M.P.s into 208 of the House of Commons' 265 seats, and cut the combined opposition down to a hapless 57.

It was partly the result of an inexorable trend that first revealed itself in the indecisive 1957 election, partly a stunning personal triumph for Diefenbaker. Barely nine months in office with a scant plurality government, he had stepped up Canada's already generous social welfare benefits, provided new government assistance for hard-pressed prairie farmers, injected fresh government funds to spur housing construction. A few days after taking office, he called on his fellow Canadians to



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do more of their buying in Britain, less in the U.S., and by year's end some shift appeared to be taking place. Beyond this, able Politician Diefenbaker conceived and preached a new "vision of national destiny" to Canada's diverse and scattered 17 million inhabitants.

Diefenbaker's vision called for the mineral development of the vast, empty northland for Canada's exclusive benefit. Some observers detected tiny overtones of anti-American sentiment in the vision's emphasis on economic nationalism and Diefenbaker's veiled warnings to foreign owners of Canadian resource industries.

Liberal Leader Lester Bowles ("Mike") Pearson cautioned that Diefenbaker's vision might endanger relations with Canada's closest neighbor and best customer, the U.S. But Diefenbaker's speeches, vibrating with evangelical fervor, wrung



© Dominion Wire

PRIME MINISTER DIEFENBAKER
Sweep for a new vision.

cheers from Newfoundland fishermen who still use Elizabethan turns of speech, touched off one of melting-pot Winnipeg's wildest political demonstrations. And most surprising, it galvanized French-speaking Liberal Quebec into returning the biggest Tory delegation (50 of 75 seats) it has ever sent to Ottawa.

On election night the issue was never in doubt. Two hours after the polls closed in Ontario and Quebec, Liberal Pearson conceded the Tory victory, then sadly watched it roll westward across the time zones. It left the once-dominant Liberals with 49 seats, reduced the socialist Co-operative Commonwealth Federation to a splinter of 8 seats, totally wiped out of Parliament Western Canada's funny-money Social Credit movement, which held 19 seats in the old House of Commons. Surveying the wreckage of his party's national ambitions, Alberta's Social Credit Premier Ernest Manning offered a wry jest: "The voters have put all their eggs in one basket and shot the hen."



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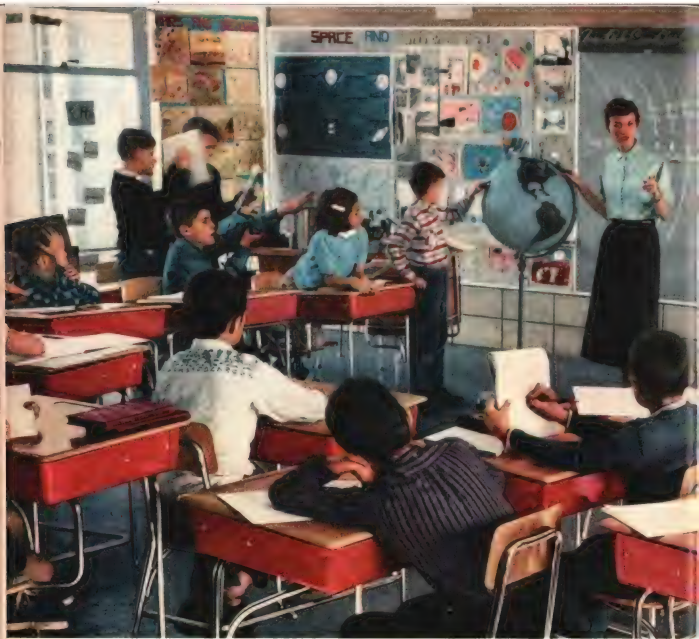
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Her voice cracking, Songstress **Judy Garland** hushed out two songs for her audience at Ben Maksik's huge (2,000 capacity) Town & Country Club in Brooklyn, then said: "I'm sorry. I have terrible laryngitis. But it doesn't matter anyhow because I have just been fired." With that, Judy vanished to her dressing room. Fired or not, both Judy and irate Ben Maksik had had enough. Claiming that he had advanced her \$30,000 (not so, said Judy) for her scheduled 3½ week act at \$25,000 a week, Maksik argued that his star had reneged on her contract, rushed in Singer Denise Darcel as a replacement. Holed up at a Park Avenue hotel, Judy admittedly broke, was seen dancing with Husband-Manager Sid Luft, whom she is suing for divorce, at expensive Manhattan night spots. Then came the law. After she failed to appear at a hearing on an \$8,673 tax bill, New York State agents arrested her, took custody of her jewels and costumes (worth an estimated \$55,000) because Debtor Garland could not raise the cash for a \$10,000 bond.

Ageless Charmer **Maurice Chevalier** offered in Manhattan a restrained Gallic comment on *le rock 'n' roll américain*: "It belongs to the fever of this time, but it will pass because you can't spend a lifetime doing that, you see."

As grim as ever he looked during Britain's hnest hour, Old (83) Warrior **Sir Winston Churchill**, victor over an attack of pneumonia and pleurisy, returned to London with his wife after eleven weeks in Southern France. To cries of "Good old Winnie!" from an airport crowd, the one-time Prime Minister unbent for a grin and



CHURCHILL & WIFE
Victorious return.

wave, bundled himself into a car flying his standard of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, drove off for more rest at his country home, Chartwell.

As the guest of ample, agile **Bessie Broddock**, Labor M.P. from Liverpool, Heavyweight Champion **Floyd Patterson** turned up for a quiet session of Britain's House of Commons, and on his tour parried questions with the noncommittal skill of a Cabinet minister. What about attacks on boxing? "I wouldn't like to make any comment," said Floyd. "But don't you agree," asked Fight Fan Broddock, "that boxing for every physically fit boy gives him balance, judgment and sportsmanship?" Replied Patterson, after



PATTERSON & BRADDOCK
Skilled porry.

deep thought: "Definitely." Viewing the Thames, Visitor Patterson delivered a judgment on the great grey river that any Englishman would accept: "Mighty cold."

In West Palm Beach, Fla., aging (40) Glamour Boy **Porfirio Rubirosa**, a sometime auto racer, was caught by police with his Ferrari down, charged with speeding, making a wrong turn and driving with an ear-ruffling muffler, haled to headquarters, where he paid a \$25 fine. Huffed Rubi: "I was only trying to reach the bank in a hurry."

When his frazzle-pated Actress-Wife **Elsa Lanchester** flew into London, Cinemamoth **Charles Laughton** was on hand to greet her, clapped a connubial paw about her shoulders for the press. Current project for the oft-paired (*Witness for the Prosecution*, *Henry VIII*) acting Laughtons: supporting roles in a sex-drenched



LAUGHTON & LANCHESTER
Different sex.

play (*The Party*), described by Welsh-born Author Jane Arden as about "the kind of people who have too much to give the world and end up in psychic wards." Added Laughton: "Françoise Sagan's sex is an empty kind of sex. This is full of life. Quite different."

Garbed in a grey pin-striped suit, grey shirt and black knitted tie, the Army's onetime missile chief, outspoken Lieut. General (ret.) **James A. Gavin**, 51, appeared at a Manhattan press conference held to announce his new job: a vice president and director of Arthur D. Little, Inc., the oldest industrial-research firm in the country (founded 1886). Old Soldier Gavin, who refused to augment his criticisms of the Administration's missile program (*Time*, Jan. 13-20), pointedly gave one reason for joining Little: "I wanted nothing to do with any firm doing big business with the Defense Department."

Less than a week after he was dragged into an appearance on Hollywood's Oscar-awarding TV show (*Time*, April 7), rugged Cinemactor **Clark (Run Silent, Run Deep) Gable** sounded off about television to Irv Kupcinet, saloon-keeper for the Chicago *Sun-Times*: "It's a monster, the mortal enemy of movies. I won't presume to tell other actors what to do, but so far as I'm concerned, this is a bitter war between movies and television. And I'm strictly a movie man."

David Sarnoff, 67, bouncy board chairman of giant Radio Corp. of America, at long last earned the kudos he had been waiting for. Although he holds 21 honorary doctorates (among them: D.Sc. from Notre Dame, LL.D. from the University of Pennsylvania), Russian-born Tycoon Sarnoff left school after the eighth grade. Last week at a special assembly, Manhattan's Stuyvesant High School awarded him an honorary diploma (his first) for "outstanding achievement in science, industry and public affairs."

THE PRESS

The Insider

[See Cover]

Andrei Gromyko looked up with a rare, quizzical grin at the burly, bulgy-eyed visitor. "Ah, Mr. Gunther!" he exclaimed. "You must be *Inside* something!" Foreign Minister Gromyko was right. This week—17 months, 23,000 miles and 350 pages later—the presses are rolling out John Gunther's latest massive contribution to the school of reporting that bears his

Gunther's reporting has made him more famous than most of the people he reports on. Yet he still basks in the celebrity of news-making titans, drops their names like trophies into his own entry in *Who's Who in America*:

Has interviewed Lloyd George, President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, King Carol of Rumania, Gandhi, Trotsky, De Valera, Dollfus, Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, President Quezon of Philippines, Presidents Cardenas and Avila Camacho in Mexico;



GUNTHER INSIDE AFRICA (BELGIAN CONGO)

For a legman in seven-league boots, also trophies among the titans.

trademark. Its title: *Inside Russia Today* (Harper; \$5.95).

Reporter Gunther, 36, tucks the world's biggest country under his belt with his sixth *Inside* job in 22 years of chewing up the globe in continent-sized chunks. Few others would dare even to attempt a comprehensive survey of Russia in 24 chapters (including one called "A History of Russia in Half an Hour"). But no other reporter has ever plowed or plucked on Gunther's gargantuan scale. A hulking (6 ft. 1 in., 238 lbs.) legman in seven-league boots, he has at once traveled more miles, crossed more frontiers, interviewed more statesmen, earned more money (more than \$1,000,000), written more books and sold more copies (more than 2,000,000) than any single other newsmen. Gunther's bestselling *Insides*, crisscrossing every continent but Australia, have traveled even farther than Gunther. In all, 13 of his books have been translated into 87 languages, massively pirated in Asia, published behind the Iron Curtain.

Vargas of Brazil, Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, Pope Pius XII, Premier de Gasperi of Italy, Nehru, Emperor Hirohito of Japan, General MacArthur, and many other contemporary statesmen.

Asked by a minor Russian official how his first day in Moscow had gone, Gunther shrugged: "Moderately well." Pausing for effect, he added: "I met, shook hands with, and had brief interchanges of conversation with Khrushchev, Bulganin, Zhukov, Molotov, Gromyko and Shepilov. That's all." Many of the world's grandest pandemics go out of their way to butter up Insider Gunther, and some are his good friends. To introduce him on an India-wide radio hookup, Nehru in 1938 went on the air for the first time in his career. When Gunther began working on 1947's *Inside U.S.A.*, governors and senators across the land heaped him with invitations to interviews and conferences.

The VIPs who are pumped by Gunther also turn to him for information. Says Egypt's President Nasser: "You have to take Gunther seriously, because he tells

both sides." *Inside Europe* landed in Churchill's library (and so firmly in Hitler's bad book that Gunther was marked for postwar liquidation by the Nazis). *Inside Asia* was on Harry Truman's desk when he broadcast his V-J day speech. *Inside Africa* was studied dutifully by Russia's Dmitry Shepilov, who cited it in a United Nations tirade against British colonialism, and by Richard Nixon, whose party was weighted with copies of the book on his 1957 visit to Africa.

Froth v. Fundamentals. John Gunther's critics often scorn his slickly quickly produced *Insides* as superficial glimpses through hotel windows. He has been dubbed "the Book-of-the-Month Club's Marco Polo," a "Jonah among journalists," "master of the once-over-lightly." Gunther brushed off Venezuela in 24 hours while researching *Inside Latin America*, skipped the Ivory Coast entirely on his *Inside Africa* trip. At the start of his 17 months on the road for *Inside U.S.A.*, Gunther himself recalls, he sped out of Rhode Island in horror after realizing suddenly that he had spent "eight whole days" on his first and smallest state.

His judgments on occasion prove as hasty as his stopovers. In 1955's *Inside Africa* he predicted confidently that independence would not come soon to Morocco; less than a year after *Inside Africa* appeared on the bookshelves, Morocco was independent. The last 1951 edition of *Inside U.S.A.* perpetuates Stevenson Democrat Gunther's three-year-old thumbs-down verdict on Earl Warren (whom he had not met): "He will never set the world on fire or even make it smoke." In all his 35 years as a foreign-news specialist, Gunther has never learned a foreign language. His critics also take him to task for deliberately passing up fundamentals for froth. *Inside Africa*, chided the sober *Times of India*, has only "one page dealing with the Moroccan economy, and four giving an account of a dinner with El Glaoui."

Drawing the Maps. Gunther as a book-journalist lacks the originality and profundity of Rebecca (Meaning of Treason) West, the stylistic graces of Negley (Way of a Transgressor) Farson, John (Hiroshima) Sheeran or Vincent (Personal History) Hickey. Yet none matches him for sheer scope, reportorial zest, or, most notably, the gift of popularizing remote places and difficult subjects. Says Critic Clifton Fadiman: "Gunther is a born teacher; he doesn't miss a fact-trick. His books are almost too easy to read; because of that, they seem superficial. But he's taught us a hell of a lot about our world, in primer terms. He's drawn the maps for us. He did for us what H. G. Wells did years ago."

To the task Gunther brings driving curiosity, elephantine memory, gregarious charm, ferocious vitality. Reporter Gunther also has phenomenally sharp ears and eyes for the telling anecdote and the detail that vividly catches the mood. He has a homing instinct for the essentials in a complex situation. He is a master of the

art of brain-picking—and of choosing the right brain to pick. From careful homework, he knows precisely what information his story needs, and can extract it with the efficiency of an automatic orange squeezer.

Though widely hailed as a reporter, Gunther is at least as good a rewrite-man. He can take widely scattered strands of information—from books, statistics, official reports, newspaper clippings—and weave them into a pattern that is not only meaningful but brightly his own. Says "Jimmy" Sheehan: "He is no mere compiler, for all his massive array of facts. He has repeatedly proved readable to a degree which no assembly of facts could explain. The zest with which he relishes his material gives it the breathless flavor of discovery every time, even aside from the liveliness of the writing." Gunther's success as a popularizer also springs from his skill in communicating ideas in terms of people. "Gunther is a firm believer in the Great Man theory," Critic Fadiman points out. "The picturesque foci are the men themselves. This is how you make institutionalized power clear. It's more interesting to talk about the Pope than the Catholic Church."

Three-Day S.O.B. Gunther's *Insides* have improved almost steadily as he has kept turning them out; he concedes that the years have made him "more guarded and judicious." Says he: "All those books have been a process of educating myself at the public's expense." With *Inside Africa* (152 pages covering 43 countries), he drew widespread praise from scholars and specialists. *Inside Russia Today*, in some ways his most challenging assignment, is probably his best book yet.

Inevitably, he will be chided for *Russia's* errors of facts and judgment, for gall in attempting so huge a task, and gibbiness in its execution. In fact, though the book is sprinkled with such minor bobbles as his reference to a nonexistent 25-kopek piece, these are heavily outweighed by his sound reporting, his artful wrap-up of others' findings, and his sober conclusions. Unlike most books on Russia, Gunther's Soviet survey is fortified with perspective gained on three other professional sojourns between 1928 and 1939 for as much as five months at a time. Chuckles Gunther: "When people ask how that s.o.b. dared visit a new country for three days and write about it like an authority. I feel like asking, 'How long did Gibbon spend in Constantinople?' Of course, Gibbon never visited Constantinople."

Months before he set out to inspect Russia in 1956, Gunther buried his Roman nose in books, digests of Soviet newspapers, and a magpie's mountain of clips that he has amassed in more than 30 years. As always when mounting an expedition, Reporter Gunther wrote to dozens of functionaries whom he hoped to interview—and got three replies. Armed with standard 30-day tourist visas, Reporter Gunther and his chic, blonde wife Jane, 41, flew into Moscow in October at the height of the Hungarian uprisings.

His first day there, Gunther briskly in-

GUNTHER INSIDE RUSSIA

John Gunther's Inside Russia Today is the profile of a nation—part guidebook, part political primer, part intelligence report. Much of the vast mosaic of facts, impressions, statistics and insights will be familiar to well-informed readers, but the design is unique and uniquely Gunther's, and so are some of the brightest fragments:

The first physical impression I had of Russia, as we descended from the plane, was the quality of the metal ladder—flimsy, antique, short by half a step, and made of some queer light metal, ornately engraved. Dozens of times later, I saw similar ladders. The Russians can build a ten-billion electron-volt cyclotron, but a good simple flashlight seems beyond them. Priority goes to what counts; nobody cares if you break a leg hoisting yourself on an airplane, but to put an artificial moon in the sky is something else again.

The whole country has a fixation on shoes. Moscow is the city where, if Marilyn Monroe should walk down the street with nothing on but shoes, people would stare at her feet first. Clothes have no shape; but then neither have most Russian women. Men are short and squat, built like square corks. Moscow would look 100% better if every citizen lost 30 lbs.

Khrushchev looks, even in winter, as if he had planned to go to a yachting party, and then changed his mind when half-dressed.

Almost everything about Mikoyan seems excessive—the sharpness and glitter of his dark eyes, the flash of his clenched teeth, and the arch in his nose, which looks like a small twisted club. He dresses with a certain flamboyance, and one visitor to Moscow, taking a good look at him, said, "A gangster in two silk shirts."

Very few Americans in Moscow have ever passed the Soviet driving test. Among other things, you have to be approved by a panel of physicians, including an eye doctor, a cardiologist, a back specialist, and one who tests reflexes in the soles of your feet. You have to work out traffic problems with model cars on something that looks like a parchesi board, and prove that you can take apart and mount an engine.

Mental illness is a serious problem in the U.S.S.R.; there has been in particular a disconcerting rise in schizophrenia since the war. In theory, no such thing as a neurotic exists in the U.S.S.R., since it is held that mixed-up people and misfits with personal conflicts cannot arise in a "classless" so-

ciety. Psychoanalysis does not exist in the Soviet Union.

We heard one story of a painter who did nothing but portraits of Stalin; he had a big backlog of these in his studio, which, since the coming of de-Stalinization, he cannot sell, and he has been ruined.

Foreign films are trickling in, but none from the U.S. Gina Lollobrigida is a hot favorite. Moscow saw some nudes this year—and was shocked. Love scenes are permitted in movies, and kissing even takes place on the stage, something taboo in Stalin's day. Recordings of American jazz bring bizarre prices on the black market, as much as \$100 for a single record.

Scarcely a day passes in Moscow now without the return to his family, if the family has survived, of a man who may have been locked up beyond the Arctic Circle for 10, 15 or even 20 years.

It is my duty to report that one mosque in Bukhara has been converted into a poolroom, not very handsome, and that Samarkand, the pivot of the old Silk Road to China, has traffic lights more or less like those on Fifth Avenue.

The average Russian boy or girl gets more than five times the amount of science and mathematics that is stipulated for entrance even into such a specialized American institution as M.I.T. Every Russian student is paid to go to college. The Russians have the most formidable educational machine in the world, but they are also the most ignorant people in the world about affairs outside their own country.

With certain exceptions, the Soviet authorities translate nothing that does not serve a utilitarian or propaganda purpose. Two big hits in Moscow were *The Quiet American*, by Graham Greene, and *The Old Man and the Sea*, by Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Greene's novel attacked colonialism and is profoundly anti-American in a subtle and effective way, and the Hemingway book shows what happens to an old fisherman in a bourgeois society who does not have social security.

I asked a veteran diplomat if the Soviet attitude was, on a certain subject, "genuine" and "sincere." He answered dryly: "The most menacing thing about this country is that its leaders are the most sincere liars in history. When uttering the basest lies, they are at their most sincere."

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formed a startled Intourist official that he had no intention of making only the rubbernecking rounds of collective farms and model factories. Boomed Gunther: "I want to see a really good lunatic asylum, an academy where young artists are trained, and a musician." He saw them—as well as ballets, church services and plays (including a "stunning" *Macbeth*). He foraged busily from Moscow's P.S. 151 to a children's nursery where they had never heard of diapers. He reached some of the top brass on the merry-go-round of diplomatic receptions, quizzed dozens of functionaries who are not normally tapped by Western newsmen, and with a rarely granted 30-day visa extension went by excursion steamer and plane to the antique fastnesses of Russian Asia.

Inside Out. Back in Manhattan in January 1957 with 30 crammed 3-in.-by-5-in. notebooks and a mountain of loose notes, he immediately went to work in the yellow-walled, fourth-floor office of his 80-year-old brownstone on East 62nd Street, catercorner from Eleanor Roosevelt's apartment. (Says Gunther: "Mrs. Roosevelt's lights and mine are the last on the block to go out.") After writing one 14,000-word magazine article on his trip, he dug in for the 14-month task of shrinking Russia (8,602,700 sq. mi.; pop. 200,200,000) to a 1-lb.-12-oz. volume.

Methodically as a mason, Gunther laid out a foundation wall of multicolored manila folders for every chapter and subsection. Into the room-long row of folders he piled notes, clippings, dozens of scrawled, yellow-paper memos—"Why so much education?" "All small talk in modern Russian novels is about nuts and bolts." Settling down at his battered Smith-Corona typewriter, across from a child's map of the world, Gunther started out with the inside chapters on the Kremlin hierarchy, plowed through what he calls "the picture stuff," i.e., travelogue chapters, tackled science and education, wound up writing the topical opening and concluding chapters.

After at least one rewrite of each chapter, Gunther and his wife checked it for accuracy, shipped it off for closer scrutiny by a Russian scholar. Whole sections had to be updated after Zhukov's ouster (though Gunther had foreseen Bulganin's eclipse). Near press time he had to turn out a new, unexpected foreword: "The Sputniks and the Future." In the last feverish months, he spent up to 14 hours a day at his desk, catnapping occasionally on a grey day bed in his office.

Caviar & Cognac. Despite his \$1,000,000-plus earnings, Author Gunther is perennially strapped. He was forced to interrupt work on *Inside Africa* to pick up much-needed fees from a lecture tour. Last fall he was so short that he did something he had always staunchly refused to do: an *Inside* blurb for an advertiser. Hired by a pharmaceutical manufacturer, he ground out a 5,000-word piece called *Inside Pfizer* ("Before I visited Pfizer, I did not know the difference between an antibiotic and a housefly"). Typically, Gunther earned his fee (more than



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\$12,500) by traveling 2,000 miles and interviewing 50 Pfizerlings.

Gunter's explanation for the financial situation: "I've eaten every book by the time it's published." He helps support "13 females," counting his secretary, relatives, and a cinnamon poodle named Josephine, has fixed expenses of \$21,000 a year "before buying a single hamburger." More to the point, he prefers filet mignon. A check-grabbing *bon vivant*, he turns pale at the thought of scaling down his caviar-and-cognac way of life—and managed to stay in the pink in Russia, where caviar cost \$1.35 a portion, cognac up to \$2.25 a snifter. He wears custom-made suits from London and monogrammed shirts from Paris (though they do nothing for his built-in rumples). Asked his favorite color, Gunter beams: "Smoked salmon—Prunier's, of course, not Reuben's." Nor would Host Gunter dream of serving domestic champagne at his massive parties. For one gala, co-hosted at the Gunthers' house by Claude Philippe of the Waldorf, liveried footmen carried scrolls to invite the 30 guests.

Child in a Hurry. John Joseph Gunter was born Aug. 3, 1901, in North Side Chicago. From his father, Eugene McClellan Gunter, a convivial drifter, he inherited big-boned bulk and heroic alcoholic capacity. From their schoolteacher-mother, Lisette Schoeninger Gunter, John and sister Jean took on lifelong respect for book learning. As a sickly eleven-year-old, John showed precocious talent as a rewriter by compiling a children's encyclopedia from John Clark Ridpath's *Cyclopedia of Universal History*. Contents: "All the Necessary Statistics of the World," "World Battleships," "Greek and Roman Mythology with Genealogical Tables of Gods," "List of Species of World Animals."

Gunter remembers himself as "an appalling, monstrous child who wanted to do it all." In the Lake View High School magazine, he broke into type at 16 with an essay on the Russian Revolution. At 20, English Major Gunter wrote 20 U.S. publishers that he would review their books in a literary column he had started in the University of Chicago's *Daily Maroon*, followed up by soliciting pulls on the column from such critical luminaries as H. L. Mencken and Harry Hansen.

He was in such a hurry to be on his way that he left the university without bothering to pick up his Phi Beta Kappa key. In 1922, after a bicycling trip through Europe, he went confidently to work as a \$15-a-week cub on the Chicago *Daily News*. When the Teapot Dome scandal broke in 1924, he landed one of his first out-of-town assignments by observing that none of the news stories said what Teapot Dome looked like. In a breathless *Inside* report from Wyoming that made *Best News Stories of 1923* and foreshadowed a familiar Gunteresque ploy, he wrote: "Teapot Dome has no resemblance whatever to a teapot [or] to a dome."

"Inside Fodor." Soon afterward, the cocky young reporter put in for the Chicago *Daily News's* foreign service, which

then boasted such prestigious byliners as Paul Scott Mowrer, his brother Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Hal O'Flaherty, Junius Wood. Turned down, Gunter quit his \$55-a-week job and hopped a ship for England, where he was promptly hired by the *News's* London bureau. Fired when Chicago spotted his byline. After six months with the United Press in London, he was taken on by the *News's* Paris bureau and launched into an invaluable round as continental swingman, filling in for vacationing correspondents all over Europe.

In 1930 Correspondent Gunter won an assignment to Vienna—and a seat in the world's most exciting press box. As Europe sputtered toward war, Vienna be-

zines ranging from *Foreign Affairs* to *Woman's Home Companion*.

Footnote to History. The germ of *Inside Europe* was planted in Gunter by Harper's Editor Cass Canfield after 1931's *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, created a demand for uninhibited political reporting. In 1934 Gunter reluctantly agreed that he might do a book on Europe's political leaders if Harper's put up what he considered an "impossible" \$5,000 advance. He got the advance, slaved over the book at night while working in the *Daily News's* London bureau. With help, as he acknowledged, from "colleagues in 20 countries," he did the job in six months. Given its final title by Gunter at the last



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came a vantage point from which U.S. correspondents shaped a new tradition of alert, informed foreign reporting that gave readers back home the world's best European coverage. From such resident and visiting firemen as the New York *Evening Post's* Dorothy Thompson, L.N.S.'s late H. R. Knickerbocker (who once interviewed Stalin's mother), the Chicago *Tribune's* William (Berlin Diary) Shirer, and Author Sheehan, Correspondent Gunter busily soaked up lore and legends that never made the news stories. Gunter's most valuable mentor: the New York *Evening Post's* M. W. ("Mike") Fodor, dean of Balkan correspondents, who helped the young Chicagoan so generously that fellow newsmen later dubbed *Inside Europe* "Inside Fodor."

For all his brain-picking, Gunter was so likable and professionally esteemed that he was elected first president of Vienna's Anglo-American Press Association in 1931. With his small, assertive first wife Frances, Gunter was as famed even then for doughty partying as for hard work. In his spare time, fast-working Gunter wrote dozens of political pieces for maga-

zines. *Inside Europe* became an overnight hit. In five revised editions it has sold some 650,000 copies worldwide, gone into 70 printings in the U.S., where it still sells 1,000 copies a year.

With less than \$2,500 in savings, Gunter left the Chicago *Daily News* for the third and last time. He has not worked on a newspaper since. But in 1943 Gunter served the whole U.S. press as pool reporter at General Dwight D. Eisenhower's Allied general headquarters during the Sicilian invasion, later published a Sicilian invasion diary, *D Day* (dedicated to Actress Miriam Hopkins "with love").

Gunter did not include in the book his own footnote to history. When the U.S.'s invasion commander, Major General George Patton, refused to let Eisenhower ashore early, it was Gunter who spotted a quiet Sicilian cove from their destroyer. He told Ike: "General, I can write a story that will make every newspaper in the world tomorrow. The first

® Next to Gunter (left), Correspondent M. W. Fodor and wife, Frances Gunter, Dorothy Thompson and husband Sinclair Lewis.

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paragraph will be this: "The commander in chief of the Allied Forces of Liberation set foot on the soil of occupied Europe for the first time today." Says Gunther: "He gave me a long, dirty look and said: 'It would serve a good propaganda purpose, I think.' Twenty minutes later, Gunther got his story.

Death Be Not Proud. Insider Gunther, who says he "would give all those *Insides* to have written one good short story," is still writing bad ones. He has published four uncelebrated novels. His longest-remembered work, nonetheless, is less likely to be one of the *Insides* than a short (261 pages) book called *Death Be Not Proud*—a tender, harrowing vignette of valor and suffering.

John and Frances Gunther's first brush with death came in 1929, when their only daughter Judy died at four months of a glandular ailment. In April 1946 they learned that their only son, then 16, had a brain tumor. For 15 months Johnny, a lively, charming youngster, clung heroically to life and sanity. Though Frances (who now lives in Jerusalem) had divorced Gunther in 1944, they fought an agonizing side-by-side battle for Johnny's life. In desperation they consulted more than 30 doctors, tried such extreme treatments as intravenous mustard-gas injections, which had never before been tried on a brain patient. Throughout the ordeal, Gunther wrestled with the added burden of completing *Inside U.S.A.*

When Johnny died, his father wrote *Death* as a private memoir, but was persuaded by friends that it would inspire other parents in similar straits. Gunther has given his \$75,000 in royalties from the book to children's cancer research, and Harper's has also contributed its profit. Almost ten years since the book's publication, he still gets 200 letters a year about Johnny from readers all over the world, many enclosing money, pressed flowers or

a poem. Gunther and his second wife Jane, whom he married in 1948 (her first husband, Newscaster John W. Vandercook), are the parents of a handsome, adopted two-year-old named Nicholas, over whom, as a friend says "John glows and grins like a fond mother."

The Darkening Continent. On the first leg of his 1952 reporting safari for *Inside Africa*, Gunther awoke to another nightmare: he was going blind. With cataracts closing over both eyes, he explored the darkening continent for 103 months and 40,000 miles without even a weekend off, ground out nine magazine articles on the road. Unable to read his minute reporter's scribble, he could never have finished the assignment if willowy, tough-fibered Jane had not been along. She scrawled notes on interviews, digested reams of background material, took thousands of photographs for Gunther to pore over back in Manhattan.

To meet the deadline for the book, plus a dozen articles for magazines (*Look*, *Reader's Digest*) that had helped to bank-roll the trip, he was unable to spare six months of his two-year writing time for the two operations that eventually restored almost complete vision through bottle-thick spectacles. Against dwindling sight and funds, Gunther, a hunt-and-peck typist, had his typewriter equipped with outside keys, used ever stronger eyeprops that enabled him to read and write only for two hours at a stretch. Says Jane: "The house was littered with magnifying glasses."

Name-Wonder. Before going off to the hospital, Gunther gallantly tossed a farewell shindig, insisted on greeting each guest without help, though he almost had to rub noses before he could recognize them. It was a typical gesture. Anything but the traditionally tough, cynical newswoman, Gunther fairly quivers with delight at meeting people, deeply craves

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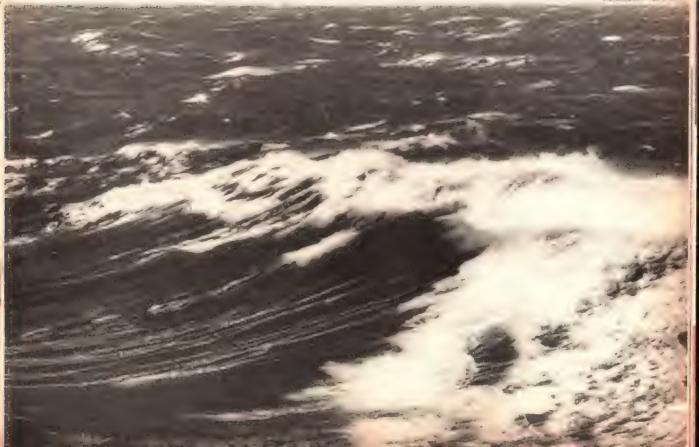
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their approval. Says one intimate: "He has no acquaintances—only best friends."

Gunther's best friends, who tend to be conspicuously witty or pretty, run a stellar range from Addams, Charles, to Zorina, Vera. To Book-of-the-Month Club Judge John Mason Brown, "John's foible isn't name-dropping, it's name-wonder. He's never got over the mica that's in names. He has a child's sense of giving a party, a fairyland belief in celebrities." One fairyland fable who slips frequently in and out of the house on East 62nd Street is Greta Garbo, the "G.G." to whom John Gunther dedicated *Inside Russia Today*, along with "G. and V." (Socialite George Schlee and his wife, onetime Fashion Designer Valentina, who introduced Garbo to the Gunthers).

As a host, Gunther likes to invite at least 75 people and mix such disparate guests as *Foreign Affairs* Editor Hamilton Fish Armstrong and Audrey Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich and the Duchess of Windsor. He dotes on introducing the famed to the famed in glowing detail, as if they inhabited far-distant planets. One occasion when Gunther skipped such identification was in presenting Paul Auriol to the Duke of Windsor, who murmured: "Don't I know something about your father?" The glacial reply: "Possibly. He's President of France." (The duke was repaid at the same party when the Adman-Philanthropist Albert Lasker lengthily congratulated him in the innocent belief that he was the real-life hero of the newly opened Broadway musical, *The King and I*.)

"Myself—with Fingers Crossed." What does Gunther believe in? "I believe," says he, "in myself—with fingers crossed." Puffing thoughtfully on his ever-present Marlboro, Gunther adds: "I have no deep, institutionalized religious beliefs. I believe in the fact." On looking inside Gunther—despite his deep faith in his prowess as a journalist—Gunther finds: "I'm terribly limited. I completely lack intensity of soul. I'm not original. I'm really only a competent observer who works terribly hard at doing a job well."

Last month, after finishing *Russia*, Gunther plunged into a quick biography of Albert Lasker, one of the "small" books that "I play with my left hand" (others: *Roosevelt in Retrospect*, *The Riddle of MacArthur*). After the 1960 election, he intends to write his long-planned companion to *Inside U.S.A.*, a book on U.S. politics. He will also edit Doubleday's ambitious *Mainstream of Modern World History* series. He is making notes for an autobiographical book on the people and events he has covered, and is pondering a biography of his longtime friend Sinclair Lewis. Next year he plans to go *Inside Australia*. It is virtually the earth's last unguntherized land mass. By the time the book comes out, explorers of outer space may have given him new worlds to conquer. Frets Gunther: "What disturbs and upsets me is that there is not time or freedom or energy enough to do all the things I would like to do."



Pacific Gas and Electric Company and General Electric have built a plant to obtain operational data for large-scale nuclear power projects. Shell lubricates the turbine which supplies 5000 KW of power to 47 California counties.

Oil for an atomic lamp

At General Electric's Vallecitos Atomic Laboratory near Pleasanton, California, Pacific Gas & Electric and GE have recently completed the nation's first privately financed atomic power plant.

In this station, the turbine is turned by steam fed *directly* from the atomic reactor. This direct connection between reactor and turbine eliminates the need for a "heat exchanger" system, but it creates a new challenge to lubrication because radioactive

steam reaches the turbine. For the answer to this new challenge in turbine lubrication, the builders turned to Shell, *pioneer in lubricants for atomic installations*. Today the turbine plant is lubricated exclusively by Shell.

And the experience gained here by General Electric, PG&E, and Shell will soon be put to work on the larger atomic installations that are to come.

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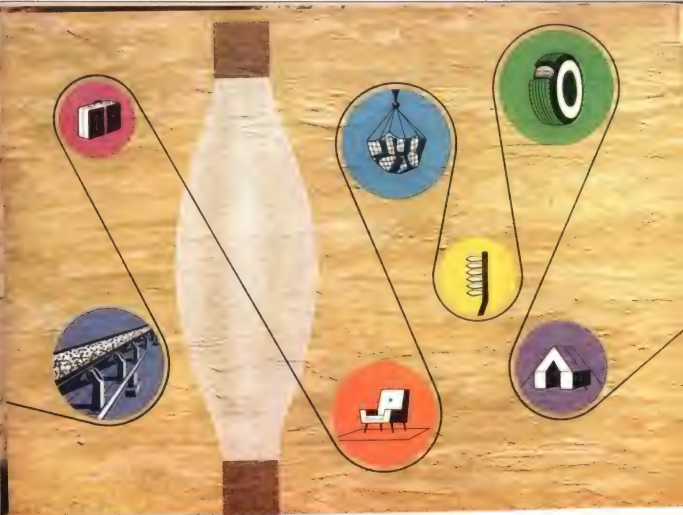
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Test-tube creations help solve industrial problems... with bank aid

Acetate, acrilan, nylon, and other man-made fibers, used alone or in blends with natural fibers, have been woven into our nation's wardrobe. Now they're bringing new utility, versatility, and durability to everything from tooth-brushes to filter cloths for chemicals.

These amazing fibers can be "tailor-made" to feature strength, fineness, toughness, resilience or other characteristics required by industrial specifications. The outstanding chemical and water resistance of the acrylics, for example, makes them highly useful in the chemical and electronics fields. Lightweight, high-tenacity rayon is expanding the uses of conveyor belts. And strong, resilient, "fatigue-proof" nylon and rayon dominate the tire-cord mar-

ket. New uses for man-made fibers are being developed every year. Included are luggage, upholstery, storage tanks, tarpaulins, carpeting, rope, shock absorbers, sporting equipment, and paper.

As a result, U.S. plants were called upon to produce about one and three-quarter billion pounds of these fibers in 1957—and demand is still growing.

The development of man-made fibers, as with any pioneering effort, has called for large amounts of capital and a great deal of forward thinking. The men in the industry find both at First National

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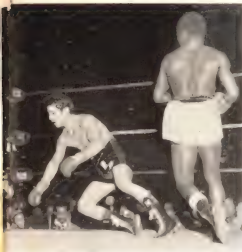
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ABOUT HIS TIME
CHAMPION BASSEY (RIGHT) AT WORK
Tilt for a windmill.

Razzberry for Ricardo

Ricardo ("Pajarito") Moreno, 23, idol of Mexico, flung his 125 lbs. out of his corner and rocked World Featherweight Champion Hogan Bassey with a couple of punches that hung the little Nigerian rubber-legged on the ropes. "Stop zee fight! Stop zee fight before he keels heem!" screamed Pajarito's souped-up fans.

Unfortunately for Pajarito, neither the referee nor Bassey was listening. After a between-rounds breather in Los Angeles' Wrigley Field last week, Bassey came back to throw so many punches so fast that his muscular Mexican opponent might as well have been tilting with a windmill. A savage uppercut separated Moreno from his mouthpiece with such violence that third-row fans caught the spray. Even when he was completely off balance Bassey almost removed Moreno from his haircut with a pair of left hooks and a right uppercut delivered in split-second succession. At the end of the third round Pajarito went down for good.

Pajarito's defeat was a national disaster to a loud army of Mexicans who had been stampeding northward for days. They had jammed up at border stations, scrapped for space on airlines. So many of them swarmed into the stadium that when the band struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner* to start the brawl the music was drowned out by their shouts of "Down in front!" After Moreno was peeled off the canvas and the announcer asked for "a hand for the beaten boy," the leftfield cheering section responded with a raucous Mexican razzberry.

Pajarito and his countrymen had been completely convinced by a compact (5 ft. 3 in.; 124 lbs.) little man whose square name is Okon Bassey Asuque, Esq., M.B.E.* His ebony fists are probably the

swiftest pair of weapons in the prize ring, and his Oxford-accented speech is certainly the rarest. "When I awoke the morning of the fight and saw it was raining, I actually wept. I was emotionally prepared to fight that night, and a delay would have been annoying."

Born 25 years ago in Calabar, Nigeria, Hogan (an Anglicized version of his first name Okon) began boxing when he was twelve. In the ten years since he started fighting for pay, he has moved to Liverpool and has put together a record of 62 fights with only ten losses. He won the featherweight title last summer by beating Algeria's Cherif Hamia. And last week not even Los Angeles' visiting Mexicans would challenge Bassey's manager, George Biddles, when he announced elegantly: "I rather fancy that Hogan will be about some time as featherweight champion."

One of a Kind

By the time he had turned 16, Herbert O. Yardley had a head start down the road to juvenile delinquency. His mother died and left him \$200, and his father left him to fend for himself. Furthermore, he had a taste for high life in the local saloons, and at the turn of the century, Worthington, Ind., was loaded with them. But Herbert was saved by sport. Monty, the boss of his favorite barroom, was a gambler who taught his young customer the finer points of that great indoor game—poker.

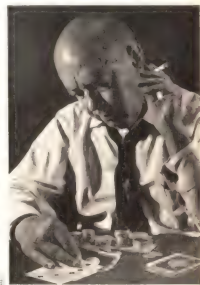
Yardley has never forgotten the man who dealt out that helping hand. "I have consistently won at poker all my life," says he in *The Education of a Poker Player* (Simon & Schuster \$3.95). "I do not believe in luck—only in the immutable law of averages." So skilled did Yardley become in the mathematics of that immutable law that he was able to make his prowess pay off in other fields. He organized a U.S. cryptographic bureau during World War I, won a Distinguished Service Medal for breaking the Japanese diplomatic code and told about it after the war in the bestselling *The American Black Chamber*.⁹ Between wars he served in China as a cryptanalyst for Chiang Kai-shek. But whatever he did wherever he went, his greatest pleasure always came from poker.

Sharps & Suckers. One key to a successful game, Yardley learned early is to be observant, to study the others at the table until you know all their idiosyncrasies. "When players check, call or bet," says Yardley, "a man with a sensitive ear can detect a slight inflection of voice and read what it means." The earnest student scrutinized card sharps and suckers from Indiana to Chungking—and while he part-

ed them from their cash, some of them came apart themselves. He was at Monty's Place in Worthington the morning a traveling salesman named Jake Moses sat in a "friendly" game and was bluffed out of ten trunks full of shoes. He watched Bones Alverson, a slow-witted farmer, bet his heavily mortgaged land against a traveling tent show, and die of a heart attack when he drew a winning four aces.

When he got to the Orient, Yardley happily found nothing inscrutable about the old China poker bands. Around the table in the Chungking Hostel he recalls, there were such worldly adversaries as Herr Neilson, the Generalissimo's anti-aircraft adviser, "a good-natured writer from TIME Magazine" named Teddy White, and Mickey, a plump, cigar-smoking woman who turned out to be Writer Emily Hahn, in China to do the history of the three Soong sisters. The place was full of poker patsies, and Yardley put to profitable use the carefully calculated rules that make his book a primer for all serious players. A sampling.

- ❑ Don't drink while playing. You may bet that black is white.
- ❑ Don't stay in a game unless there are at least three suckers. If possible sit to their left and let them do your betting for you.
- ❑ Don't overvalue or undervalue your opponent's intellect. Identify yourself with his cunning.
- ❑ Don't forget that 75% of all card-players are simpletons.
- ❑ Don't try to bluff a winner.
- ❑ Don't ever play unless you think you have the best hand or the makings of one. Don't become interested in second-best hands.
- ❑ Don't ever stay for the third card in stud with less than jack-10. The secret of



SPORTSMAN YARDLEY AT PLAY
An ear for the scrutable.

* Member of the Order of the British Empire, an honor bestowed four months ago by Queen Elizabeth for Bassey's services to Nigerian sports.

⁹ At the 1923 disarmament conference in Washington, where the U.S. and Britain demanded a 10-to-1 naval ratio with Japan, the Japanese insisted that they would settle for no less than 10-to-7. But because Yardley was reading the Japanese secret cables from Tokyo, the U.S. confidently stood pat in the knowledge that the Japanese delegate would throw in his hand.

Gilbey's Gin



The image shows a bottle of Gilbey's Gin and a glass of gin and tonic. The bottle is clear with a white label that features a diamond shape with 'GILBEY'S' inside. The glass is a classic gin and tonic glass, partially filled with a light-colored liquid and ice cubes. The background is a repeating pattern of the words 'Gilbey's Gin' in a large, serif font.

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stud is to stay on higher cards than your opponents do.

¶ Don't ever stay on a short pair in draw. You need at least two kings.

¶ Don't think you can win at table stakes if you cannot win at limit poker. A sound player can win in any poker game.

Today at 68, Yardley still plays tight, winning poker. He is so tough a competitor that even before he published his book, friends at the National Press Club in Washington would desert his table and jump to another game the minute they saw a chance. Now that his warning to suckers is in circulation, he is finding it hard to get anybody to take a hand in a friendly little game.

Scoreboard

¶ After warming up with an easy 1,500-meter freestyle victory at the A.A.U. national indoor swimming championships in New Haven, Australian Olympian Murray Rose, 18, felt so relaxed that he forgot to count the laps when he kicked off next night in the 220-yd. grind. With only 20 yds. left to go, Murray, now a Southern California freshman, suddenly realized the race was almost over. He thrashed up to full speed, just managed to come up from third to touch out his countryman and collegemate, Jon Henricks, in a meet-record 2:02.5.

¶ Stumpy Jockey Steve Brooks, 36, who has been going around in winning track circles for almost 20 years, rode to greater glory at Florida's Gulfstream Park. Slashing away with his skillful whip, Steve got a two-year-old bay filly named Tempest Tossed to stay in front of her field for three furlongs, and became the seventh jockey in U.S. racing history to ride 3,000 winners.

¶ Using the traditional English stroke with its long lay-back, a favored Cambridge crew led Oxford and its American-style oarsmen all the way along the 4-mile-374-yd. course on the rain-and-wind-rolled Thames and won by 3½ lengths.

¶ Golf pros put up with a lot to compete for more than \$200,000 in prize money at Business Engineer George S. May's four Tam O'Shanter tournaments in Chicago each summer. They pin numbers on their backs, refrain from throwing clubs when they flub shots, even mind their language. But when the Professional Golfer's Association refused to let May pocket all the entry fees to help pay the expenses of running his extravaganza, the well-heeled promoter took offense. He called off the world's richest tournaments.

¶ The University of Denver postponed an athletic crisis by remembering that transfer students must wait a year before playing on varsity teams. Until someone read the rule book, the university golf team, which often practices at private clubs, faced a season of play restricted to public courses. A likely looking 19-year-old sophomore who had transferred from Doane College, Crete, Neb., seemed certain to make the team—and just assure not to be welcome at Denver's private clubs. The promising golfer is named Nate Goldstein. He is a Negro.



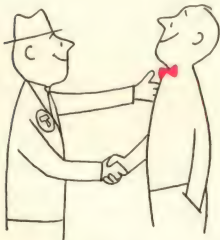
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And steers me clear of policies whose functions overlap.
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CHOREOGRAPHER GRAHAM IN "CLYTEMNESTRA"

Martha's Return

They were all on hand last week—the critics and choreographers, the dancers, designers and devoted fans—to greet the tiny woman with the haunting eyes and the New England Gothic face. After three years, partly spent touring abroad, Dancer Martha Graham had returned with her ballet company to perform in Manhattan,

bringing with her a satchelful of Graham favorites and two new works: a sophisticated sexual romp called *Emballated Garden* and an evening-length ballet titled *Clytemnestra*, the most ambitious effort in years by the priestess of modern dance.

Garden, with lush, languid music by Carlos Surinach, was a kind of lovecolumnist's tour of Eden, with Adam, Eve, Adams' legendary wife Lilith and a hor-

mone-happy stranger as the disturbed protagonists. In style it was light but pricked with wryly ironic wit. *Clytemnestra*, with a grindingly dissonant score by Egyptian Composer Halim El-Dabh, was a more impressive work and far more complex. Both its power and its tortuous complexities derived from Choreographer Graham's technique of unfolding the story as a memory of past events sounding shrilly in the echo chamber of *Clytemnestra's* mind. In four acts, Graham introduced *Clytemnestra* in Hades, shifted back in time to *Clytemnestra's* vision of the fate that had led to her murder by her son Orestes, then shifted again to Hades and to the redemption of the mind that had spun out the tale of its own deception. Thus the many-mirrored story was less a study of tragedy's flowering than of the dark roots from which tragedy grows. To translate this study into dance movement was an uncommonly difficult task, and Choreographer Graham did not always succeed. With *Clytemnestra* (Martha Graham herself) at the ballet's eye, the black-gowned women and loin-clothed men about her moved in an unhurried, severely ritualistic style that became occasionally monotonous in the long preludes to violence. But the economy of movement also produced fascinating effects, such as the shuffling plotters' dance in Act II, with Agamemnon's ghost in platform shoes tottering over them like a crippled bird. Throughout, Dancer Graham's movements of whiplike vitality and agonized angularities brought to life the rage in *Clytemnestra's* mind.

When it was over, the audience rose and gave her one of the finest ovations of her long career. It seemed hard to believe that Dancer Graham is past 60.

SOVIET POP BALLET

THE Bolshoi and Tchaikovsky theaters are only a stout walk from each other in Moscow, but at first glance their respective products seem to be versts apart. The Bolshoi's stage glitters with the familiar, stylized formulations of the classic ballet: the Tchaikovsky's shivers to the explosive hop-stomp-and-run of the folk dance. Most Westerners have glimpsed some reflections of the Russian classical style; few have sampled the exuberant dance language of Russia's full folklore. Next week the U.S. will get its first good look at that language when the Moiseyev Dance Company, first major Soviet dance group ever to appear in the U.S., arrives at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House to start a ten-week tour.

The group, created by Choreographer Igor Moiseyev, 52, onetime soloist and ballet master at the Bolshoi, is only partially concerned with true folk dancing. In the company's history of 160 works are a generous sprinkling of what Moiseyev calls "popular ballets"—works that express contemporary themes in the casual movements of everyday life, a fusion reminiscent of the effect U.S. Choreographer Jerome Robbins achieves in such works as *Fancy Free*. Even in the straight folk dances Choreographer Moiseyev prunes and shapes his material to gain dramatic continuity and a clearly defined dance line. Says he: "We do not merely photograph. We try to reveal and enrich." He often starts with a folk melody, watches the company improvise while the orchestra plays it, then works out a finished dance movement and has a fully orchestrated score fitted to it. To prepare themselves for their hybrid dance styles,

the 60 members of the company train in a special department of the Bolshoi School of Ballet.

The breezy, peasant-sturdy Moiseyev Dancers will perform at least a dozen works in the U.S. (see color pages). Most of them are characterized by parade-drilled precision in the mass movements and a kind of frenzied kinetic attack that fills the air with flying forms and blurs the stage with color. The group's most popular number is a satire on Russia's favorite sport, entitled *Soccer*; in a dazzling mixture of mime, dance and spring-legged acrobatics, the work defines the brawling progress of a match, from the opening whistle to a spectacular save at the goal.

Also in the tour repertoire: *The Partisans*, an episode in the lives of a group of World War II guerrilla fighters, in which the black-clad dancers move in startling imitation of galloping horsemen to the music of a Georgian *Lazhinka*; *Spring Dances* from the *Ukrainian Suite*, which opens with a slow, weaving dance evocation of the melancholy a Ukrainian girl feels when her lover leaves for the front, ends with a bravura blaze of tremendous *Gopak* leaps as the lover returns triumphant to the village. In contrast with scenes more or less mirroring Soviet life, there are evocations of the past such as *Khorumi*, a heroic dance on themes of war and the hunt, performed in Georgia in the 12th century.

All told, the Moiseyev Dancers will visit eleven cities across the U.S. and Canada. If their experience in London and Paris is any indication, their Russian hoedowns will please the crowds, whet their appetite for the Bolshoi, which is scheduled to arrive in the U.S. in spring 1959.



MOISEYEV DANCERS, in *Pesnyuki* (Spring Dance), leap in a traditional, spectacular *Gopak* to demonstrate joy at end of war and reunion of lovers in a Ukrainian village.

SOCCER SCUFFLE in which dancers struggle in realistic pile-up for an imaginary ball, is highlight of Moiseyev's *Soccer*, a satirical spoof of Russia's most popular sport.





MOLDAVIAN SUITE. *Zhok*, is danced by Stalin Prizewinner Tamara Zeifert, wife of Moiseyev, shown beckoning to male partner to join in the lively *Lark*, one of the suite's three parts.

VICTORY DANCE of Caucasian soldiers, swinging sabers and Tommy guns and pretending to be galloping across steppes, climaxes *The Partisans*, story of Georgian guerrillas in World War II.



"POLYANKA" (The Clearings), performed like other dances on a bare stage, depicts members of a collective farm gaily flirting in woods during Sunday frolic.



RELIGION

The Button-Down Hair Shirt

When Nathan Marsh Pusey took over the presidency of Harvard five years ago, he was a new broom that swept in religion. An even newer if considerably smaller broom is now trying to sweep some of it out again. Pusey and his emphasis on religion were being breezily challenged by a second-year graduate student in philosophy, William Warren Bartley III ('66). Vehicle of his attack: an 8,000-word *Crimson* article on Harvard's "button-down hair shirt."

Even before his installation as president, Pusey used an address at the Harvard Divinity School (*TIME*, Oct. 5, 1953) to criticize the spiritual outlook of Harvard's President (1860-1900) Charles William Eliot as badly out of date, placing "its greatest reliance on increased knowledge and good works." Pusey beefed up Harvard's anemic Divinity School from a \$1,000,000 endowment to \$7,000,000, corralled a dazzling collection of theological big-leguurs, including Paul Tillich, Richard R. Niebuhr, Amos Wilder, Georges Florovsky, Douglas Horton, George A. Buttrick, George H. Williams, Memorial Church, once sparsely attended, now teems with students who come Sundays to hear Presbyterian Buttrick fulfill his official function as Preacher to the University. Bartley's quarrel with all this religion in a university should not subordinate thinking to commitment or individual, disciplined analysis to "Big Answers."

Committed Teaching? There is a wide division among faculty and administrative officers at Harvard, says Bartley, on two Pusey tenets. The first is that religion should be taught by men who are committed to it. Against this he cites Philosophy Professor Morton White in a speech at Hillel House: "There have been great Catholic students of Catholic theology and great non-Catholic students of it. There have been great Protestant students of Jewish theology. There have been great Jewish students of Catholic theology. . . . A scholar and teacher must insist that it is possible to understand a statement without accepting it, to understand a style of literature without admiring it, to understand the motives of Napoleon, Caesar or Stalin without praising them."

The second Pusey position with which Bartley takes issue is that religion should be "a unifying force in the curriculum." Christianity is certainly unfitted to play this role, Bartley contends. "There are too many different Christianities—even at Harvard Divinity School—for Christianity to act as a system on which Western men might practically agree today; whatever its unifying power half a millennium ago. . . . The greatest of those who are 'trying to bring it up to date,' Paul Tillich, is regarded as a heretic by many others who wish to return it to fundamentalism or Thomism."



TV PASSION PLAY
The Virgin was anybody's mum.

Who Is a Wind Bag? Bartley would return to President Eliot's "minimum" faith of "love and service to one's neighbor" and war against "the evils which afflict humanity." These tenets he would buttress with President Emeritus James B. Conant's basic answer to the challenge of the Soviet or fascist view of life—a faith in "a wide diversity of beliefs and the tolerance of this diversity."

President Eliot's cautious humanism was not so unrealistic, says Bartley, as the "latter-day optimism" of President Pusey, which expects help "from only one kind of contemporary thinker: the flashy



JAMES F. COYNE
HARVARD HERETIC BARTLEY
A minimum faith v. Big Answers.

existentialist or teutonic theologian who ministers to the 'Big Questions' with big answers and bigger systems." Harvard is in a worse way, says Bartley, since "it has become forward to look backward and to call perverse those dry and analytical philosophers who deflate the wind bags of our time instead of blowing up more themselves."

Christ in Jeans

"If Christ had been put on television to preach the Sermon on the Mount," says British Writer (and former *Punch* Editor) Malcolm Muggeridge, "viewers would either have switched on to another channel, or contented themselves with remarking that the speaker had an interesting face." Yet Christ is currently much in evidence on British TV. Most startling example: a Passion play in which Christ is a young man with an Elvis Presley haircut, scuffed loafers and worn jeans. The Virgin Mary, plump and nondescript, was the British version of anybody's mum. Pontius Pilate was suave and courteously detached in a well-pressed lounge suit, nonchalantly lighted a cigarette after he signed Christ's death warrant. The Roman soldiers were simple types in British battle dress.

The familiar succession of events came painfully alive in the mimed drama, Jesus wiping the blood from his face, writhing under the lash, stumbling beneath the weight of the cross, sweating with the pain of the nails, looked disconcertingly human. In all this abrasive immediacy, the mystery of God incarnate was largely lost, but the gain in impact was obviously a revelation to viewers. Last week, as BBC lallied up the mass of mail, Producer Michael Reddington reported that "all of it was enthusiastic, except for a few stuffy clergyman who couldn't be expected to approve."

Some of the critics came out on the side of the stuffy clergymen. Wrote Film Critic Robert Muller of the *Daily Mail*: "Has religion entered the marshmallow age? Is the Church in the queue with the rest of the pitchmen who clamor for our attention?" Despite such attacks, British TV is evidently trying to step into what it considers a spiritual vacuum in Britain. Other religious TV shows: a puzzled panel of youngsters alternating bouts of rock 'n' roll with questions to the Moderator of the Church of Scotland ("Why isn't it just as good to pray at home as in church?"), and a guitar-twangin' trio of parsons.

British TV's Christian pitch found its most notable defender in Princess Margaret's friend and adviser, the Rev. Michael Phipps, chaplain of Cambridge's Trinity College and religious adviser to commercial TV. "Religion," he said, "must go back to the marketplace, and that means, in 20th century terms, the TV set. Christ spent most of his life in the marketplace. You must proclaim where your voice can be heard."

Producer Reddington last week was planning to film his blue-jeaned Passion play for worldwide TV distribution.

TELEVISION & RADIO



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Tall, That's All

Television's newest rage consists of a jukebox full of rock 'n' roll records, a studio full of dancing teen-agers, and Dick Clark, a suave young (38) disk jockey full of money. For his 90-minute *American Bandstand*, which is carried by 90 ABC stations each weekday (3 p.m., E.S.T.), Clark draws one of the biggest audiences in daytime TV, some 8,000,000 (half of them adults), 20,000 to 45,000 fan letters a week, and an income approaching \$500,000 a year. Admits Clark: "It's all a little frightening."

Many viewers find it more than a little frightening. *American Bandstand* assaults the ear with rock 'n' roll interrupted only by mournful ballads. This is bad enough, but the show is even more dismaying to the eye: furrow-browed teen-agers jolting to the jangling beat of lyrics like "Skinny Minnie, she ain't skinny, she's tall, that's all." Worse yet is the saucing, zombie-eyed shuffle brought on by a ballad like *Oh, Oh, Falling in Love*. Some adult squares get the feeling that they are peering at a hotbed of juvenile delinquency. But *Bandstand* gets its eager volunteers from both sides of the tracks and all parts of the nation, and a committee of youngsters enforces good manners, e.g., jackets and ties for boys, no shorts for girls. Says Clark wonderingly: "We've never had an incident."

Pull Up Some Wood. Amid his bouncing and shuffling teen-agers, ex-Harmonica Player Clark is right at home. Personable and polite, he manages to sound as if he really means such glib disk-jockey patter as: "Let me pull up a hunk of wood and sit down with you." This air of sincerity is Clark's biggest attraction. Though ABC has mailed out 300,000 of his photographs since last summer, boyishly handsome Clark believes that most teen-agers see him less as a romantic idol than as the ideal big brother who understands their problems. On the problem of rock 'n' roll, Clark says: "Teen-agers have always liked stuff their parents couldn't stand."

The son of a radio-station owner in Utica, N.Y., Teen-Age Spokesman Clark won his spurs as a disk jockey while attending Syracuse University, caught on with ABC's WFIL-TV in Philadelphia after graduating in 1951. At first his youthful appearance counted against him. He looked unauthoritative as a newscaster, and the wrong man to be plugging beer when he seemed hardly old enough to drink it. He got his big chance in July 1956, when he took over *Bandstand*, a jukebox-and-dance show that had been playing locally for four years.

Pied Piper. So successful were Clark and his teen-agers that in August 1957, ABC put them on the network. To get on the show, teen-agers have hitchhiked from as far away as Texas, and one Buffalo family did not notice a son was missing until he rock 'n' rolled onto the screen. Last month *American Bandstand's* Tren-

der rating nearly equaled the combined totals of the two rival networks.

Clark's daytime showing prompted ABC to hustle him into a Saturday night program called the *Dick Clark Show*. Since it went on the air in February, minus his dancing couples and with nothing more than recorded and live music, it has doubled the network's rating between 7:30 and 8 p.m., E.S.T.

Such teen-age adulation has brought Disk Jockey Clark offers to make a dozen



Gary Wagner

TV DISK JOCKEY CLARK & ADMIRERS
Rock 'n' bankroll for big brother.

movies. But to date, Clark's rugged round of rock 'n' roll for TV has left him no time for Hollywood. In fact, he is so busy rolling in the money as the Pied Piper of the teen-agers that when his wife Barbara and their year-old son move this summer into a new beach house that Clark's jack has built on the Maryland shore, he simply won't have time to join them.

Ask Me Another

To rouse jaded audiences, CBS's TV quizzers last week strained mightily to give away money with new gimmicks that yielded precious little entertainment:

¶ Two new shows shrugged off book learning: *How Do You Rate?* (Mon.-Thurs., 10:30 a.m., E.S.T.) matched the sexes in frantic little contests of mental and physical dexterity (reading garbled messages, changing light bulbs); *Wingo* (Tues. 8:30 p.m.) hustled over low-plateau quiz questions (name the first big battle of the Civil War) to select a contestant for the show's big moment—a whack at spelling Wingo by drawing blindly from an assortment of the word's letters. Probability of hitting Wingo and winning \$250,000: one in 2,000.

¶ To lure an audience back to the faltering \$64,000 *Question* (Tues. 10 p.m. E.S.T.), CBS set up a stunt based on a bingo mutation that can earn a home viewer as much as the classic \$64,000.

Review

Nasser Interview: To its gallery of foreign statesmen sitting for candid TV interviews, e.g., Russia's Nikita Khrushchev, China's Chou En-lai, CBS this week added President Gamal Abdel Nasser of the new United Arab Republic. Well-tailored and suave, speaking in near-perfect English (though he kept saying "frezed" for "froze"), Nasser discussed his plans to visit Moscow this month, and announced a Russian "loan" of 25 factories that will be set up in Egypt. Under hard-hitting questioning by CBS Cairo Correspondent Frank Kearns, Nasser composedly kept returning to a pat explanation for Egypt's antagonism toward the U.S. and its allies: "We are defending ourselves" against "hostile action." For CBS, the filmed interview was a clean beat, made sweeter by the fact that when the show went on the air, ABC Interviewer Mike Wallace had a crew still waiting to grill him in Cairo. Last spring, when Khrushchev faced the CBS cameras, the network drew criticism for letting his remarks go on the air without an immediate rebuttal. This time, CBS cautiously topped its interview with able News Analyst Howard K. Smith's report on answers to Nasser's charges against the West.

Arthur Godfrey Time: The great man swirled onstage last week to open his new CBS-TV show (weekdays, 11 a.m. E.S.T.) with a mock striptease. The occasion seemed to call for a drastic gesture. Beseated by a giveaway program on rival NBC (*The Price Is Right*), Arthur Godfrey was fighting back with a giveaway of his own—in which winners would get anything "reasonable" they asked for—plus a new format that scraps his old 60-minute simulcast for an hour of radio followed by a half-hour of straight TV. After a decade, it was his first concession that TV is a visual medium.

But, like Godfrey's dance, the changes promised more than they delivered. The star left off his familiar earphones, strolled around the studio instead of staying behind his old desk. But Godfrey remained Godfrey: still spouting whatever came into his redhead ("He came down with the crud"), still blinking at the audience like a dyspeptic owl, still relying on eager young entertainers as his guests. As he dipped for contestants' postcards into a huge revolving drum, he made no secret of his disgust with his new giveaway "crap game" ("This is the silliest thing"), grudgingly granted wishes of winners (Easter outfits, a washing machine) until he reached the request: "My dream is to own a mink coat, size 12." Then for a brief moment Godfrey smoldered. "Mink coat," he scoffed, "I'll get ya fieldmouse." But before the first week of his "new" program was over, Godfrey was acting just as bored as ever.



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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Say, Darling (by Richard and Marian Bissell and Abe Burrows; songs by Jule Styne. Betty Comden and Adolph Green) is a sort of part-time musical made from a book (*Say, Darling*) that described how a big-time musical was made from a book (7½ Cents). This carrying *The Pajama Game* into extra innings works out fairly agreeably on the whole. Compared to its bookroomer pokes at show business, *Say, Darling* is now using a softball. But as a popular-entertainment monkeyshine on the making of musicals.



Friggman—Abeloz

High dudgeon, low language.

and as the decidedly uninspirational autobiography of a fledgling librettist, the show bumps and bounces along cheerfully enough.

The hep-sharp-tongued fledgling of the novel becomes, despite David Wayne's attractive playing, somebody far less individual on the stage. The show is most fun as a kind of production trek—producers' offices, lady stars (Vivian Blaine), auditions, rehearsals, feuds, hotel rooms. With the high dudgeon and the low language, with much of the action reduced to caricature and much of the dialogue delivered in wisecracks, even what is not authentic show business makes breezy vaudeville. Really fresh and funny is a very young co-producer, a long-on-argot but short-on-savvy brat-about-town, delightfully played by Robert Morse.

Say, *Darling* is otherwise no more than reasonably good entertainment, partly from a failure of nerve—there are far more clichés about show business than genuine touches. But this is partly, too, a failure of verve: Say, *Darling* needs scenes where hilarity really snowballs and nonsense mounts. It needs, for the show-within-the-show, either far better music, or far worse. If accuracy was no touchstone, lunacy should have been,



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MEDICINE

Common Cold: New Attack

From a patient and hardheaded Scot last week came news of a revolutionary new attack on the common cold. For a quarter-century or more, physicians have been virtually unanimous in believing that colds are caused by viruses, but these are so maddeningly elusive that no consistently effective vaccine has yet been made.* Also, since there are no specific cures for most viral diseases, the only thing to do for their victims is to treat the symptoms.

Nobody held these orthodox views more firmly than Dr. James Morrison Ritchie, director of the Public Health Laboratory in Birkenhead (pop. 143,000), a grimy seaport and shipbuilding center on England's west coast. But against his will and judgment, Dr. Ritchie got involved in experiments that ran counter to all accepted theory. In Britain's *Lancet*, he tentatively reports success in two highly unorthodox attacks on the common cold—with vaccines and antibiotics, working not against viruses but against the bacteria which are always present in the throat and nasal passages.

"Och, weel," Dr. Ritchie's research started in the early 1930s, when clerks in his health department pestered him for a vaccine against their recurrent colds. Glasgow-born Dr. Ritchie harrumphed that he would have no truck with such nonsense. But, says he: "One woman kept nattering at me so long that eventually I said 'Och, weel, and decided to give her a vaccine to keep her quiet.' He had a vaccine prepared from her saliva, told her it was being given only to prove its uselessness. Yet on weekly injections all one winter, she had no cold. Coincidence, snorted the scientifically cautious doctor. Repeat tests with other pesky patients did not shake Dr. Ritchie until he had run up a score of 60 or 70 over 20 years. Then he began to think there might be something to the vaccines, after all.

From employees of Lever Bros, he drew volunteers, some to receive a vaccine, others to get only an inert substance for comparison. Dr. Ritchie wasted no time chasing the will-o'-the-wisp virus (or viruses) that cause the first stages of a cold. He concentrated on the bacteria, believing that they cause the most distressing middle stages. He took throat swabs and saliva from his subjects, threw away those from the 75 controls. From the other 109 he cultured the bacteria to make sure there were no deadly strains among them, then hand-tailored an individual "autogenous vaccine" for each subject. Injections were given weekly.

To his own surprise, Experimenter Ritchie found that the method seemed to



Matliday & Edwards
COLD-FIGHTER RITCHIE
Against his judgment, a woman's natter.

work. The comparison group getting inert injections had colds five times as often as the vaccinated. Many of the vaccinated got sniffles for a day or two, presumably from the irresistible virus, but then their colds usually stopped; during the test, they had only 13 "full colds," as against 77 for the controls.

Still Scairt. Encouraged by this evidence that most of the trouble in colds is caused by the victims' permanently resident bacteria, which go on a rampage only after the virus has prepared the ground for them, Ritchie decided to try

prevention with antibiotics, although their too-free use for colds is frowned upon. To minimize the risks of sensitizing the subjects to the drugs or helping resistant strains of microbes to emerge, he decided to use very small doses, in tablets to be sucked twice a day when the first sniffles appeared. Ritchie used the three closely related antibiotics of the tetracycline group in 581 volunteers, and an inert tablet for comparison in 338 others. Results were slightly better than with the vaccine: 26 full colds per 100 volunteers on dummy tablets, only four per 100 on the antibiotics. In some cases the antibiotics caused severe irritation (sore throat or "flayed tongue"); vitamins are being tried to prevent this effect.

Says Cold-Fighter Ritchie: "Even now, as a canny Scot, I'm scairt to say too much about these results. What we need is more people to do similar tests in many thousands of cases."

Reactors Undersea

Atomic power used to drive U.S. submarines has added a new dimension to medicine, says Commander Richard F. Dobbins, one of the first two Navy medical officers to serve in the revolutionary craft.

Medical problems in *Nautilus* and *Seawolf*, Dr. Dobbins told the Queensborough Rotary Club in New York's Long Island City this week, are not merely an extension of those met in conventional diesel-electric subs; they constitute "a really new and unique entity," in which the problem of protecting the crew against radiation is a surprisingly minor factor. Unlike old-fashioned subs, which had a Navy surgeon aboard as an occasional

* The other, Lieut. Commander John H. Ebersole, who served in *Nautilus* for the first year after her commissioning (1954), then transferred to *Seawolf*, while Commander Dobbins went to *Nautilus*.



LIGHTING-UP TIME IN "NAUTILUS" CREW'S MESS
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Hank Walker—LIFE

* Though Johns Hopkins' Dr. Winston H. Price recently announced a vaccine that has shown promise against a virus strain prevalent in the Baltimore area (*TIME*, Sept. 30).

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guest, the atomic subs always carry a medical officer and two hospital corpsmen to carry out round-the-clock safety checks and radiation.

Dials & Smoking. Dr. Dobbins' report noted many oddities. At sea, he said, the danger that radiation from the reactor which drives the sub may damage the crew's health is negligible, so effective is its lead shielding. But in port (where pre-atomic subs represented no hazard) the danger skyrockets: part of the shielding may be removed for nucleonics technicians to work on the power plant. Another oddity: though detectable radiation gets into the air and might conceivably build up to health-hazard proportions, it does not come from the reactor. The heavy villains are the radium-painted luminous dials and markers used to permit operating in the dark. In a completely closed ventilating system with recycled air, the radon gas emitted by such markers becomes so concentrated that it could hinder detection of an actual reactor leak. After the markers were replaced by a non-radioactive type, an appreciable radon concentration remained. It was found to come from the dials of crewmen's luminous wristwatches, but was fortunately too low to menace health.

It had been generally taken for granted that the carbon monoxide in the air would disappear when diesel engines were replaced with atomic reactors, said Dr. Dobbins. Not so; the monoxide danger has become worse. Reason: while the diesel sub had to have fresh outside air blown through on an average of every twelve hours, the atomic sub uses its original quota of air as long as it stays down. And that air is fouled by crew members' smoking, which in time can produce a higher monoxide level than did the old diesels. Both carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide must be removed, by elaborate filtration processes, as fast as possible. When the two gases are present together, even in amounts that would be safe if considered separately, the monoxide reinforces the poisonous powers of the dioxide.

Frig Leak. In the old pigboats, many other fumes and gases could be safely disregarded because they were periodically flushed out. Example: leaks of a common refrigerant gas (its identity remains a Navy secret) used in subs for many years. With *Nanctus* and *Squalor* staying below for days and even weeks, the concentration of this gas built up to a point where many crew members had irritation in their respiratory systems; undetected and uncorrected, it would have become a definite health hazard.

No matter where the experts may eventually fix the dose of radiation that can be considered safe, Commander Dobbins was sure that atomic sub crews—within a few yards of the reactor for 24 hours a day—so far have been exposed to only a fraction of permissible totals. When industry goes into full-scale production and operation of reactors for civilian power needs, it will have an invaluable body of data collected from the first men to go under the sea in atomic vessels.



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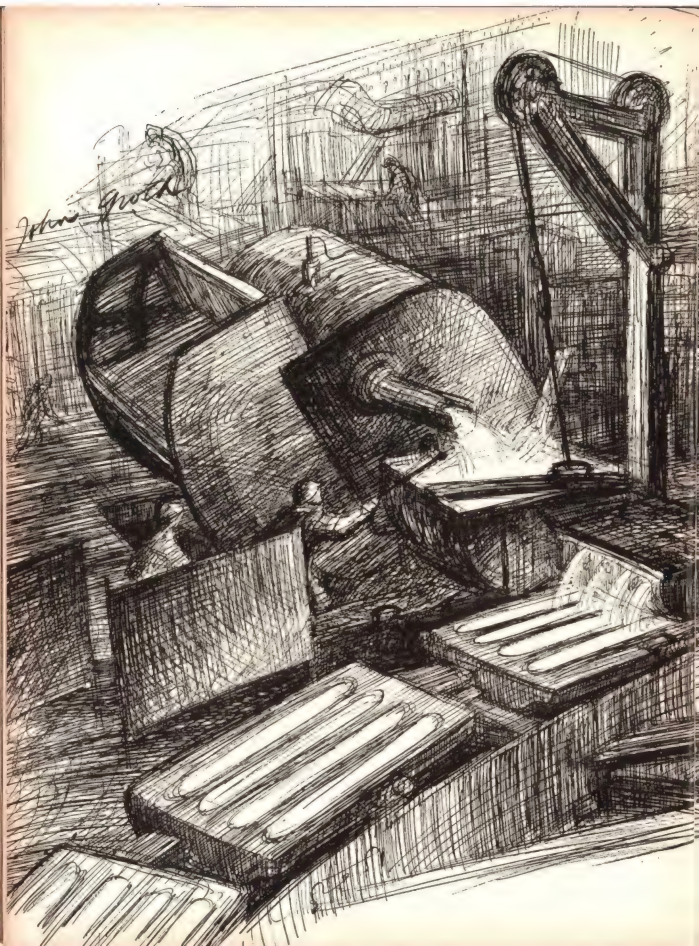
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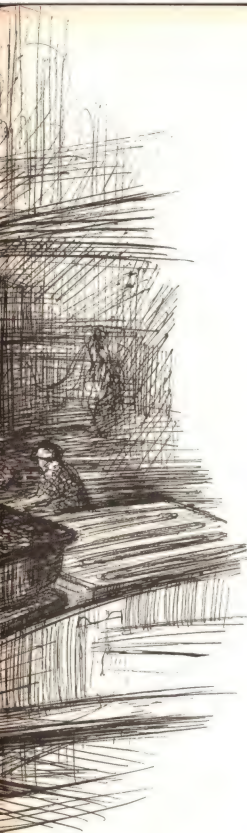
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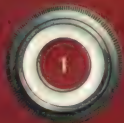
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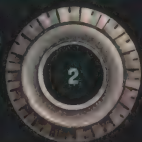
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EDUCATION

Parents—Unitel

From the back of the hall, at one of those meetings of parents where nothing new is said, a figure rises, strides forward and speaks his piece with fluent impudence. Its net: the schools are in a mess, and the professional educators are in a dead-heat disagreement about why, and they are too entrenched for their judgment to be trusted anyway; public schools ought to be run as the public wants, and it is long past time the parents took over and did something about it.

This irreverent proposal is the meat of a new book called *Schools Without Scholars* (Houghton Mifflin; \$3) by John



Frederick A. Meyer

AUTHOR KEATS
Fly casting in the cafeteria?

Keats, free-lance writer and rebellious parent (of three) who has spent two years studying schools, lists as his only other qualification the note that he owns a typewriter. Keats's notion is that if the public wants better education, it should form "citizens' grand juries"—school boards frequently are too secretive and P.T.A.s too social to be useful—to make calm and exhaustive investigations of local schools. Then suggestions should be made and enforced.

Discipline or Driver Training? The question such a Keatsian grand jury should ask itself: Does it want the old-fashioned, facts-and-mental-discipline-sort of education, or does it want life adjustment: "to make children unselfish and interested in others"? Keats is for facts and discipline first. Throughout the book he scores against the life adjusters, who do not believe that mastery of a subject is very important, who give "open-book tests" in basic courses and proudly call their high schools "cafeterias of learning," who offer such dessert courses as

"sewing, cooking, interior decorating, teaching, garage repair, driver training, dress design, fashion modeling, home budgeting and marketing, gardening, farming, carpentry, electrical repair, machine tooling, mechanical drawing, first aid, chorus, tap, ballroom and square dancing, fly casting and how to conduct oneself on a date."

Keats asks and answers other searching questions: "Do we want the school to be a doctor's office, workshop, church, psychiatrist's couch, family counseling service, athletic association and brain-trainery all rolled into one? Are there no other public agencies in our town that might not minister to some of those needs? Do not ask whether a home economics course is necessary, but rather ask this: Is ours the kind of society where the girls best learn from their mothers? Must we ask the school to offer courses in driver training, or could the same end be accomplished simply by asking the local constables to be more choosy in the granting of drivers' licenses? What, exactly, is our school's job? Is it not to meet only those educational needs which cannot be as well or better met somewhere else?"

"Ask Us First." Keats's book is full of prickly opinions, sure to produce uproar and perhaps even thoughtful debate; e.g., football costs too much, physically educates the boys who need it least; school administrators should run things only from day to day, and "ask us first" if they want to make changes.

But the opinion that should be debated the most thoughtfully is Keats's basic premise: that in education the customers are always right—or at least have the right to get exactly what they ask for. He cites New Canaan, Conn., as a community in which the grand-jury system worked well, produced better schools and better scholars. But in Houston recently, a band of diehard lady patriots called Minute Women succeeded in browbeating a publisher into reprinting an eighth-grade geography and omitting references to the U.N. Under Keats's grand-jury rules, they were as justified as the New Canaanites, and so, he admits, were the Tennesseans who passed the law that still makes illegal the teaching of evolution in the state. If Americans are unable to swallow the idea of a single national curriculum—and most Americans cannot—there are two alternatives: trust the professional educators, many of whom happen now to be life adjusters; or follow Keats's uneasy conclusion: There is nothing to do except "be careful not to move to Tennessee; and try not to make too many mistakes ourselves."

Parents v. Teachers

Are parents less upset about the nation's educational anemia than the educators themselves? Such is the impression left by a Gallup poll of 3,000 parents and 1,000 high school principals.

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HOUSTON:

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would be impossible without confidence, trust and honesty. In Marco Polo days, traders were beheaded for misrepresentation. Today, if the advertising is bad—and very little is—customers have a comparable cease-and-desist power. They can stop buying. Which they seldom have to do."

Assessing the Agency

"Advertising agencies," states Texas-born Houston, "are the most honest, productive and rewarding form of human organization I have yet seen. Most great advertisers use them because in no other way can they find, at comparable cost, such a concentration of intense driving urge to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

Houston agrees that agencies, being human organizations, have some human frailties. "But they have helped to bring American business to a higher and more universal plane than ever before known in the history of the world."

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the consuming public by **McCall's**

The magazine of Togetherness

think our public schools today demand too much work or too little work from the students?"

	Parents	Principals
Too little	51%	90%
Too much	6	1
About right	33	9
No opinion	10	0

Principals are convinced (63% to 25%) that students are not required to read enough books, and 61% of the educators feel that high schools emphasize athletics too much. One out of four parents can see nothing wrong with U.S. schools, and most of the others think curriculum difficulties are not so serious as the shortage of classrooms, poor student discipline and the low pay of teachers. But curriculum deficiencies are a pressing concern for a majority of the principals. They were asked: "Have you made, or are you planning to make, any changes in the requirements or the curriculum of your high school in line with suggestions which have been made since Sputnik?" Their answers:

Have already made changes	23%
Planning to make changes	29
Made some, planning others	3
Plan no change	45

The changes most principals mentioned: stiffening of math and science courses, special programs for gifted students. Some of the schoolmen are scrambling hard to reach a new fashionable orbit: "We are going to employ a more competent science instructor."

A nationwide test, to be given when children enter high school and again before they graduate—checking local scholarship with the national average—is favored by 50% of the principals. The reason most principals give: the test would help awaken parents in educational disaster areas, gain support for raising academic standards. Another question on standards showed wide division: "Some people say that colleges should raise their entrance requirements, making it harder for high school graduates to enter. Do you think colleges should do this or not?"

	Parents	Principals
Should	27%	49%
Should not	62	45
No opinion	11	6

Parents who oppose higher entrance requirements argue that higher standards would "hurt the student who is just average." Principals in favor of the move think it would eventually force high schools to raise their own standards.

Most revealing statistic of the poll: 72% of the principals are dissatisfied with the sort of training that teachers are given. Fifty-eight percent say that teachers' colleges spend too much time on teaching techniques, too little on the subjects their graduates will be teaching. Wrote one disgusted principal: "The teachers' colleges are the poorest we have. Principals and superintendents are, more and more, people from the teachers' colleges who are basically ignorant of world culture and its background. They have only part of an education."



Attention, truck owners: Nylon's toughness means lower cost per mile. Nylon truck casings stand up under the roughest use, offer many more safe retreads. And nylon's extra strength means far fewer road delays and costly repair jobs. In fact, blowouts due to nylon cord failure are virtually unknown. Some truckers report tire costs cut as much as 50%.

Prove to yourself that nylon cord truck tires give more mileage, more retreads and increased over-all economy. You'll find you can even cut down tire inventory once you begin to roll on nylons. Ask your dealer about nylon cord truck tires today or write: E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Room 5518-N, Wilmington 98, Delaware, for your free copy of the 21-page booklet, "Nylon Cord Truck Tires for Lower Cost per Mile."



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

THE SAFEST.



BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Why risk the danger of a blowout? Nylon guards against unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure. Nylon gives tires lasting protection against the four major causes of blowout: (1) bumps, (2) heat, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. For your safety insist on nylon cord tires when buying new tires or a new car.

ALL TIRE MAKERS USE NYLON CORD EXCLUSIVELY IN THEIR BETTER TIRES. LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

ART



PICASSO'S LATEST MURAL: A FALLING ICARUS & BEACHED HUMANITY

Skeleton for UNESCO

A crowd of 300 journalists, art lovers and notables waited in a school courtyard in the small French Riviera town of Vallauris. The master, as usual unimpressed by ceremony, arrived dressed in faded corduroy pants, yellow shirt and bright orange scarf. Pablo Picasso bussed his good friend, Communist Boss Maurice Thorez, on both cheeks, then shook hands with Director of French Museums Georges Salles, down from Paris for the occasion—the unveiling of Picasso's much heralded 32-by-29-ft. mural for UNESCO's new Paris headquarters. Picasso yanked the cord, pulling back the concealing curtain. The result was a surprise to Picasso as well as the spectators. Picasso had painted the mural on 40 separate wood panels in his studio. Seeing the panels assembled for the first time, he stared intently, then exclaimed: "It's quite good—better than I thought."

It was difficult to believe that this time Picasso had tried very hard. To help reporters puzzle out the meaning of the big, empty mural, Director Salles explained, "The painting represents the victory of forces of light and peace over those of evil and death. The skeleton-like figure [center] with black wings is falling through an infinity of blue, like the fall of Icarus, while a female form [left] rises majestically, white and radiant. On the right side of the painting, the three brown figures in repose are the motionless spectators of the drama; they symbolize humanity at peace, contemplating the fulfillment of its destiny."

Los Angeles' Goya

The Los Angeles County Museum is the West Coast's largest, but until recently its shortcomings have given Los Angeles a reputation in the art world as the city of lost opportunities. Rich art collectors bypassed the museum in their bequests: in 1951 the famed Arensberg collection of modern paintings was snatched from under its nose by the Philadelphia Museum. This week the Los Angeles County Museum had something worth crowing about. Up on the wall of its softly lit Spanish Gallery went a handsome new acquisition with a resounding title and glamorous history: *Portrait of La Marquesa de Santa Cruz as Euterpe, Muse of Lyric Poetry* by Spain's famed Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes (see color page). For generations in the hands of the Dukes of Wellington, the *Muse* is also a handsome tribute to the scholarship, energy and tenacity of bustling 41-year-old Richard Fargo Brown, who in three years as head of the museum's art division has brought it new vitality and stature.

Prime Catch. Goya's *Muse* is not only one of his best, but for years was also his least-known painting. He painted the young Marquesa about 1804, when she was one of the leading lights of proud Spanish intellectual circles and a member of the group that welcomed the Duke of Wellington as a national hero when he arrived to drive out Napoleon's troops. The victorious Wellington returned to London in 1814, carrying hundreds of gifts showered upon him by the grateful Spanish. Among them was the *Muse*. For generations it

hung almost forgotten in impressive Stratfield Saye House, the Wellington family seat near Reading. In 1952 Spain's Duke of Alba visited Stratfield, and spotted the painting, told Ric Brown, then a Harvard Ph.D. studying in Europe, about it.

For five years Brown kept tabs on the painting. In January of this year got his board of governors to pay a Manhattan dealer \$270,000 for it—the biggest sum spent by the museum in years. Says Brown, enthusiastically, "It's the second-best Goya this side of the Atlantic.* It's a major painting, monumental, beautiful and appealing. Goya's handiwork shows in every stroke."

The Big Time. Brown has given Los Angeles museumgoers a taste of the excitement a hard-driving director can give art. By originating such outstanding shows as *Tang Dynasty Art* (TIME, Jan. 14, 1957), Brown has put Los Angeles back into the big time, has just staged the U.S.'s most comprehensive Degas show in two decades. One of Ric Brown's few misses was the Edward G. Robinson collection. Brown rounded up \$2,500,000 to buy it, only to have Greek Shipowner Stavros Niarchos raise the bid to more than \$3,000,000 (TIME, March 11, 1957). But under Brown's quarterbacking, new pieces have come pouring in (including Fragonard's *Mademoiselle Colombe* as *Venus* from Marion Davies, an early Rembrandt and four outstanding Gobelin tapestries from Oil Tycoon J. Paul Getty). Attendance has swelled to over 1,000,000 a year.

Says Brown, who already has more than \$1,000,000 pledged toward a new art museum building: "The best way to describe the interest Los Angeles has in art is to say it's vehement. More fine private collections are being made, more important galleries are being operated, and more art is being shown publicly than in any other city but New York. This is clearly the No. 2 art center in the U.S. today, and in 20 years or so, Los Angeles may even overtake New York."

* The best: Goya's *The Fox* in Manhattan's Frick Collection.



LOS ANGELES CURATOR BROWN

GIOWAS "MARQUEESA DE SANTA CRUZ AS EETHEPE, MUSE OF LYRIC POETRY" (CIRCA 1880)





Every ride a pleasure trip . . . on new-type, sound-conditioned concrete



“This new-type, sound-conditioned concrete will still be exciting in 1975!”

Reports **JOHN CHRISTY**, famous editor of *Sports Cars Illustrated*



Concrete in eye-catching colors gives new highway safety. Lanes for access, truck-passing and other routing paved in identifying color help drivers see them quickly.

NEW-TYPE

Concrete

“I know. I’ve driven over it and you can, too, today. This new, continuous-laid concrete makes everything except a billiard table seem rough by comparison. Even with a sensitive sports car, there’s never a ‘thump’ on these highways being built for the new Interstate System.”

One trip on new-type concrete . . . you’ll congratulate your highway department! What a ride! Smooth, quiet, not a thump. This pavement has no joints . . . only tiny *sawed-in* cushion spaces you can’t hear or feel.

New-type-concrete fits 1975 traffic needs. “Air entrainment”—puts bil-

lions of minute air cells into the concrete, prevents roughening by freezing or de-icers. A special granular subbase keeps the pavement level.

Expect these roads to last 50 years and more—with up to 60% lower up-keep costs than for asphalt! Moderate first cost isn’t just a down payment!

Concrete means *safety*: a grainy surface for dependable skid resistance, wet or dry . . . light color to let you see far better at night.

Concrete is the only material that can be accurately engineered to future traffic loads. It’s the preferred pavement for the new Interstate System to link 209 major cities.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

SCIENCE

Bubbles for Space

Ideas for gizmos to put in satellites are as common as scientists' notebooks, and they range from TV cameras to dogs and chimpanzees. William J. O'Sullivan Jr. of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics favors satellites that can do useful jobs with no instruments at all.

One of his satellites, which he prefers to call a sub-satellite, is so light that it can be carried almost as an afterthought by any orbit-bound rocket. It is a balloon of plastic film .00025 in. thick, bonded to aluminum foil .0005 in. thick and packed in a doughnut-shaped container. To inflate the balloon, O'Sullivan provides a capsule of nitrogen gas at 2,000 lbs. pressure per square inch. The whole apparatus weighs only .06 lb.

Sphere of Nothing. When the rocket reaches the orbit, the nitrogen inflates the balloon and pops it out of its container. When all the gas has left the capsule, the balloon is erected into a sphere 10 in. in diameter. The pressure inside it (1.2 lb.) is enough to stretch the wrinkles out of the aluminum film and make it mirror smooth. After doing this job, the nitrogen escapes into the vacuum outside. O'Sullivan wants to get rid of it because the balloon may be punctured by a meteor, and a jet of gas escaping from it might push it off its regular orbit.

O'Sullivan's modest sphere would not be conspicuous to the naked eye, but it could be picked up easily with low-power moonwatch telescopes. Its great virtue would be its short life. Even on a comparatively high orbit, the tenuous bubble of nothing would be slowed by faint traces of air on the threshold of space. Following a circular course 300 miles above the earth, it would live for only about ten days, and its rapid changes of speed and altitude would measure air density much more accurately than the slow responses of heavier satellites.

Corner Satellite. A more ambitious NACA satellite is made of the same aluminized film and weighs only 8.7 lbs. When inflated by a 3-lb. bottle of gas, it erects into a "corner reflector" 12 ft. in diameter.

Corner reflectors are peculiar shapes made of two or three mutually intersecting surfaces of electrically conducting material. They reflect radio or radar waves with extraordinary efficiency; small ones stand out on a radar scope as if they were heavy bombers. The NACA plan is to put one of these large but almost immaterial objects on an orbit so high that residual air will not slow it appreciably. At twilight it will look as bright as the North Star, and radars pointed at it will show it plainly. They can follow it on its course and measure its distance and direction continuously.

If shot away from the earth at escape velocity (25,000 m.p.h.), a cheap 8.7-lb. corner reflector can be followed far into space. It can be watched by radar, says

the NACA, as it circles the moon and heads back to earth. Its behavior will check the calculations of astronavigators and explore the spaceways for vehicles of the future, carrying instruments or men.

Have Platypuses, Will Travel

"The platypus is the most touchy, temperamental, unpredictable animal," says Australia's David Fleay, and he should know. Called "the platypus man," Fleay is the world's leading authority on one of the world's strangest animals, and the only man who has ever made the furry, duck-billed egg-laying protomammals breed in captivity. Last week Fleay was grooming two juvenile platypuses for shipment to New York's Bronx Zoo, and he hoped that they would travel by air.



FLEAY & FRIENDS
Paddy will never see The Bronx.

When he took three of them to New York by sea in 1947, says Fleay, "it was one of the most trying times I have ever been through. He had chronic dyspepsia for a year "due to those blasted platypuses."

Adult platypuses are set in their ways, so Fleay decided to catch young ones and condition them to human company before committing them to The Bronx. During the breeding season, female platypuses dig long tunnels into the banks of Australian streams, and lay their soft eggs in leaf-lined chambers at the ends. When the young platypuses hatch, they grow fast and fat by licking the milk that exudes from pores on their mother's belly. They begin to come out of their burrows in January and start life on their own.

Double Splash. After getting a rare permit from the Australian government to catch platypuses, which are rigidly protected, Fleay made 22 sorties from his home in West Burleigh, Queensland. Tramping along the streams in a moving



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We couldn't put all our eggs in one basket if we tried.

Our guests consume more than one million a year. How will you have yours?



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

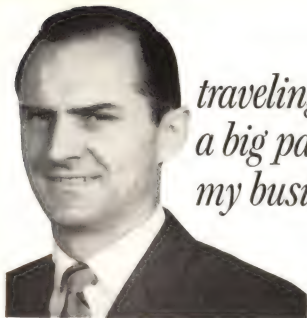
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*traveling is
a big part of
my business*

with me, relaxation is number one

I'm constantly on the go, calling on our customers. Many of them are located west of Chicago and St. Louis. It's interesting work but also can be very tiring, depending largely on how you travel.

Finally, I got smart. I found out how to take it easy. Now I board a train and completely relax. Believe me it pays off mentally and physically.

However, if I want to catch up on paper work, my Pullman room is a secluded haven. No phone calls, visitors, or other interruptions.

I'm partial to the U.P. because of their fine Domeliners and Streamliners, the dependable, friendly service and the dining car meals you can't beat. So—when I'm traveling west of Chicago or St. Louis...

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FOR INFORMATION**

Freight shippers and receivers also think highly of Union Pacific's reliable service.

cloud of mosquitoes, he watched for the ripples stirred by swimming platypuses and listened for the characteristic double splash they make when they hit the water. In likely places he set funnel-mouthed box traps, caught a few adult platypuses and lots of eels and catfish.

On Jan. 22 he saw a baby female platypus puddling in the mud on the bank of the Albert River. The platypus saw Fleay and disappeared into a crevice, but a trap caught her during the night, and Fleay named her Pamela. Three days later he caught a male baby, Paul. Both Pamela and Paul took their captivity with resignation, but Paddy, another male, captured on Feb. 10, protested in a way that worried Fleay: who feared that Paddy might never see The Bronx.

Live Food. Back at West Burleigh, Fleay began the delicate job of conditioning the platypuses for life in The Bronx. They were installed in a Fleay-designed platypusary with a water tank and grass-lined burrows that simulated as closely as possible their natural habitat. Every afternoon Fleay took them from the burrows and put them in the tank. He encouraged visitors ("It helps them get accustomed to people and noise").

The big problem is food. Platypuses eat half their weight daily, and they demand live food. So every day Fleay dispenses 2,000 earthworms, 200 meal grubs, 50 crayfish, chafer grubs and crickets. Favorite item with the growing platypuses: small, wriggling grubs that Fleay raises under his house in bran and meal moistened with beer.

Pamela and Paul responded to pampering. They performed for the visitors, plunged and swam and grew healthy. But Paddy never joined the fun. He often swam upside down to show his displeasure.

Flight Test. Fortnight ago, Fleay gave his platypuses a flight test. He put them in grass-lined boxes and took them for a 60-mile ride to Brisbane on a Trans-Australia Airlines DC-3. At Brisbane they seemed cheerful but when they got back home, they seemed slightly dazed and ignored tempting heaps of wriggling earthworms. Next day Pamela and Paul were back in form, but Paddy kept sticking his head underwater (a sign of distress). When he did not recover his spirits after two days, Fleay liberated him in a nearby river. "Paddy is so sensitive," explained Fleay, "that the trip to New York might easily kill him. We can't take risks like that."

Fleay is still trying, without much hope, to catch a replacement for Paddy. Most of this year's crop of young platypuses are already too mature. Last week building a platypusary for Pamela's and Paul's trip to the U.S., Fleay was hoping that they would be reconciled to traveling by air. But even air travel will not be care-free. Between Australia and The Bronx, Pamela and Paul will demand—and get—7,000 earthworms, 165 crayfish, 130 chafer grubs and 1,300 meal grubs. By the time they arrive, Fleay estimates, they will have cost the New York Zoological Society about \$6,500.

THE PEACEFUL ATOM

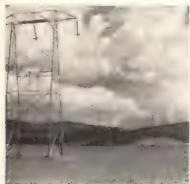
...a sound investment for increasing power requirements

15 Utility Companies Underwrite Study For Advanced Nuclear Power Reactor For the Southwest

Up from the Texas Panhandle... through the oil fields of Oklahoma... across the Kansas prairie... over the Ozarks of Arkansas and Missouri... and down through the rich bottom land of Mississippi and Louisiana stretches a vast network of electric power lines and generating stations. Through this vital system surges millions of kilowatts of power... lifeblood of the Southwest's cities, farms and factories.

The bulk of this power (6,250,000 kw) is generated by fifteen investor-owned utility companies. Recently these firms made a decision that brings peaceful atomic energy into an important new phase.

Planning together as the Southwest Atomic Energy Associates, they signed a multi-million dollar contract with Atomics International to develop an advanced reactor concept for full-scale atomic-electric power stations. The new project is called AETR (for Advanced



NEW POWER FOR THE SOUTHWEST Fifteen companies pool resources to develop an advanced power reactor

Epithermal Thorium Reactor). It promises to be economically competitive with power plants that depend on diminishing, increasingly expensive conventional fuels. Studies will be directed toward the design of a nuclear power plant of 200,000 electrical kilowatts.

Interest in the project is indicated by a roster of the new group's member companies: Arkansas Power and Light

Co., Arkansas-Missouri Power Co., Central Louisiana Electric Co., Inc., Empire District Electric Co. (Mo.), Gulf States Utilities Co., Kansas Gas and Electric Co., Kansas Power and Light Co., Louisiana Power and Light Co., Mississippi Power and Light Co., Missouri Public Service Co., New Orleans Public Service, Inc., Oklahoma Gas and Electric Co., Public Service Co. of Oklahoma, Southwestern Gas and Electric Co. (La.), and Western Light and Telephone Co., Inc. (Mo.).

ing Station in Idaho Falls since last September. It has provided technical and economic information for the construction of OMR power plants now planned for the City of Piqua, Ohio, Latin America, and large network installations under consideration for this country and abroad. Atomic power for supertankers and merchant ships is another important OMR application.

In addition, Atomics International research reactors are helping to bring "Atoms for Peace" to the free world.



SEVEN STATES MAP OUT A PLAN FOR ATOMIC ELECTRICITY

Hardware in Action. AI has built and is now operating two other nuclear power reactors as part of the AEC's program for economical power from atomic energy. One of these is the Sodium Reactor Experiment (SRE) which is supplying nuclear heat to operate an experimental electric power plant installed by the Southern California Edison Co. The SRE is providing technical data and experience for the design of full scale electric stations, such as the 75,000 kw plant for Consumers Public Power District of Nebraska.

AI's Organic Moderated Reactor Experiment (OMRE) has been operating at the AEC's National Reactor Test-

These reactors are now operating in Japan, Germany, Denmark, and the United States. Another is under construction for Italy.

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Are dollars being



milked from your profits?

Sales up. Profits down.

Such situations are discouraging—but not necessarily hopeless. Often, there are ways to change the picture.

For instance, we showed one company how to reduce their loan requirements simply by speeding up their "flow of funds." This had the effect of adding nearly a million dollars to their working cash.

Another company wanted to reduce their warehouse costs. Through our correspondents, we helped them find more economical locations throughout the country.

After talking with us, another company about to launch a new product concluded it would be cheaper to have someone else make it for them until they had sufficient volume to warrant a plant of their own. We helped them locate a factory that could turn out this product.

Does it surprise you that the Continental Illinois Bank is concerned with such problems? We *are* concerned because nearly every business problem is a *financial* problem.

When business men come to us with questions or problems, they come with advance assurance that we'll help them find the answers.



... well named,
the "Continental"

CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS

**NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
OF CHICAGO**

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Consumer Slowdown

The U.S. consumer, who has gone right on buying heavily despite the recession, finally showed some signs of slowing up. The Federal Reserve Board reported last week that March department-store sales failed to live up to expectations. While sales were 1% above a year ago, the board had expected a rise of 6% because of the early Easter. New York stores were up 7%, Minneapolis 6%, Atlanta 4%, but Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis and Dallas were all down, as much as 3%. Hoping to stir renewed interest, Sears, Roebuck & Co. announced an average 13% price cut in its spring catalogue, said it was adjusting all prices in its retail stores.

Another indication that consumers were growing cautious came from an FRB report that installment buying dipped \$435 million in February. Much of the decline was due to badly slumping February auto sales, when poor weather kept buyers out of the showrooms. With the push of hard selling (see Autos), sales were on the rise in March. But new-car inventories of 887,000 were so high that carmakers were not planning to step up production. *Ward's Reports* counted March production at 357,000 cars, predicted the same rate through the April-June quarter.

In the overall industrial picture, inventories continued their power-diving decline, dropped another \$700 million in February, showing that U.S. production had been cut much more than sales. The low state of inventories promised an upward turn in some industries. No one predicted precisely when the buying would start, but there were a few hints.

The much-troubled machine-tool industry reported that new orders in February

increased 18% over January and 22.5% over December, which was the poorest month since October 1949. The National Association of Purchasing Agents announced that only 30% of its members reported worsening business conditions v. 45% the month before, while 19% found more business coming in v. 16% in February. Said the association: "There are some hopeful signs that the sharp downturns in production prevalent for many months may be ending. Furthermore, there are indications that even the rapid rise in unemployment may be near the end. While only 7% say that they have more people on their payroll, 50% indicate they are at least holding their own."

RAILROADS

Still Sliding

"To carry commuters such as these it costs your railroad \$2 for every \$1 received." So read the caption under a photograph of anonymous commuters in the New Haven railroad's annual report, which sadly totted up a \$2,363,702 deficit in 1957. Last week, reporting an even steeper deficit of \$3,018,169 just for January-February, the New Haven unhappily discovered the identity of the costly "commuters" pictured in its annual report. Names: Boston and Maine's President Patrick B. McGinnis—who was dumped as New Haven president after a 1956 commuter revolt against late trains—his wife, and the New Haven's chief engineer, Pete Polson.

Other railroads had some equally embarrassing reports for stockholders. The Pennsylvania reported that February produced the line's fourth straight monthly loss, plunging it \$11.3 million into the red in the first two months of 1958. Last

week the Pennsy turned to a harsh remedy: an "indefinite" 10% pay slash for all employees earning more than \$10,000 annually, the first since 1934 except for a brief cut during the 1956 steel strike. Included in the slash, which will still save only about \$200,000, is President James Symes, who made \$129,808 last year. With carloadings down 24.3% so far in 1958, Symes foresees no Pennsy dividend this year, the first such omission in 100 years.

Things were even worse for the New York Central, which passed its second-quarter dividend after a January-February loss of \$13.8 million. To economize, the Central will drop its five-year, \$500 million modernization program, complete only about \$20 million worth of projects under construction. The Baltimore & Ohio in February suffered its first monthly deficit since 1951, lost \$900,000. Though still in the black, the Chesapeake & Ohio reported a decline in first-quarter earnings on common stock from \$1.75 last year to \$1.02.

Only the Western lines felt relatively chipper. Their dependence on high-cost passenger traffic is far smaller, and many also operate profitable sidelines. Hard hit was Santa Fe, with a January-February drop in net from \$8,900,000 to \$3,700,000 because of slack freight traffic in petroleum products and durable goods. But Union Pacific's January-February railroad net slipped only 1%. Also in good shape was Southern Pacific. With rising income from pipelines and trucking affiliates, S.P. expects roughly the same earnings of \$27.2 million in the first half of 1958 as in the same period last year.

Ten weeks after it began trying to diagnose U.S. railroad ailments, the Senate Surface Transportation Subcommittee wound up hearings last week with 2,356 pages of symptoms. Indicated cures: repeal of the wartime 10% passenger excise tax and 3% freight levy; a possible new Government emergency loan fund to help the roads meet soaring maintenance-labor costs; a faster tax write-off period on new equipment by cutting present depreciation rates from 40 years to 20. The subcommittee feels that these changes are politically possible, hopefully expects legislation to bring them about by July 1.

FASHION

Chemise at Sea

Of all women's clothes, the bathing suit has worn best through the ups and downs of high fashion: 1947 brought the Bikini, and no one has quite been able to top that. But last week, as it has come to dresses, coats, suits and negligees, the chemise came to bathing suits.

Almost every top bathing-suit designer has an entry in the new line (see cuts). Cole of California, which grew fast on suits to let in the sun, is adding two



COLE OF CALIFORNIA

ROSE MARIE REID

PENNINGTON

For the less-than-perfect, the less-than-revealing.

Ben Mortin

TIME CLOCK

chemise bathing suits that keep it out as effectively as any Gay Nineties rig. Designer Rose Marie Reid is putting a complete collection of voluminous prints and stripes with "stay-down legs" and tummy-hiding overblouses into 4,800 U.S. stores; Manhattan's Margaret Pennington, who specializes in hand-loomed suits, is selling 500 chemise swim suits monthly to such high-fashion stores as California's I. Magnin and Manhattan's Bonwit Teller.

No one expects the chemise to take over completely. But it may well prove a boon to the girl with the less-than-perfect figure who wants to conceal, rather than reveal, on the beach—and a bore to the men who have to look at it.

AUTOS

Buy Now

Buy days mean paydays! And paydays mean better days! So buy, buy! Something that you need today!

To the tune of *I Know That You Know*, a 45-voice chorus roared out the "Buy" song 1,000 times over radio and TV in recession-racked Detroit (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) in the past fortnight. Following through, the city's radio stations contributed 10,000 ten-second spots, exhorted Detroiters to "Buy now!" Newspapers ran banners on advertising pages: KEEP DETROIT DYNAMIC—BUY NOW. Everyone pitched in for a civic crusade to buy Detroit—and the auto industry—out of its depression.

Some auto dealers were even stumping for their competitors. In nearby Dearborn, Edsel Dealer Floyd Rice posted a sign that read: IF WE CAN'T SELL YOU, SEE OUR NEIGHBOR, H. R. MARSH & SON, ACROSS THE STREET! Chevrolet Dealer Marsh returned the plug: OUR NEIGHBOR, FLOYD RICE, HAS GOOD DEALS TOO!

Detroit's fever spread fast. Car dealers in 245 U.S. cities were cranking up hard-sell campaigns for April or May. Their slogan: "You Auto Buy Now." Many will stage horn-tooting parades through downtown areas, will serve free coffee to all comers in the showrooms, will trim some prices. (Ford cut prices \$15 and \$16 on some Fairlane models to bring them in line with Chevrolet prices.)

Dealers were discovering that hoopla and hustle paid off. In St. Joseph, Mo., dealers reduced prices, had their salesmen call 17,000 listings in the phone book (their pitch: "You can save a lot of money if you buy now!"). They sold 454 cars and trucks in nine days—almost twice as much as in the preceding three weeks. Akron dealers raffled off \$100 a day among people who took trial drives in new cars, boosted sales by more than 50%. Philadelphia De Soto Dealer Harold B. Robinson promised buyers that they could postpone installment payments if laid off because of the recession. Result: Robinson's sales rose 67%.

FLASHY CARS are on the way out, says G.M. Styling Veep Harley Earl. G.M. surveys found that 50% of motorists want less chrome (v. only 15% in past), "so now we are deleting chrome as fast as we can." Almost all future cars being shown by G.M. are in one color.

NEW THUNDERBIRD for four is selling so fast that Ford will double production this month to 200 a day. Order backlog runs through June; buyers in some areas are paying \$500 under the table for immediate delivery.

VETERANS' HOUSING will get boost as a result of presidential order supplementing housing bill. G.I.s will no longer have to make 2% down payment on VA mortgages, will have to pay only closing costs in cash. Other orders released \$325 million from Fanny Mae funds to stimulate home building, reduced cash down payment for middle-priced FHA houses.

FIRST U.S. JET TRANSPORTS will start domestic flights by Christmas, six months earlier than expected, when American Airlines will put Boeing 707s on New York-Los Angeles run (trip time: less than five hours).

BROKERS' FEES for transactions on New York Stock Exchange will go up 13% on May 1, raising total fee increase since 1947 to 60%.

"ENGINE CHARLIE" WILSON, ex-president of General Motors, will take deep plunge into shipping business because he believes another sea boom is coming. For several million dollars, Oswego Shipping Corp. (75% owned by Wilson and two friends) bought out Marine Transport Lines, which owns or operates 60 ships, controls one of world's biggest fleets of specialized vessels.

Packing the Price

For thousands of U.S. car buyers, the secret best kept by dealers is the list price suggested by Detroit. The reason is "price packing," the skilled and corrupt art by which some dealers boost the cost of accessories—from map lights to automatic transmissions—until the car's price is several hundred dollars over list. The dealer then generously offers a hefty "discount," or an inflated trade-in price, giving the customer the illusion that the deal is fantastically good. Last week in Washington, the Justice Department opened an investigation of price packing aimed at indictments under the Sherman Antitrust Act.

A federal grand jury began checking into the books of the capital's Ford, Chevrolet and Chrysler dealers' associations; the Justice Department is investigating others throughout the nation. While packing is not illegal when performed by individual dealers, the jury will investigate

TOURISTS IN FRANCE will get price discounts of about 15% this year. Cut applies to food, wines, souvenirs, most goods sold in shops, because France will eliminate sales taxes for shopkeepers who sell to foreigners who pay in dollars or other hard money.

DAIMLER-BENZ, maker of Mercedes autos, has bought controlling interest in Germany's Auto-Union, manufacturer of DKW cars, to form world's fourth biggest auto company, largest outside U.S. Daimler and Union had combined 1957 sales of about \$525 million v. \$500 million for Volkswagen, which has been fourth in industry.

NEW FILTER will be offered by American Tobacco Co. on one of its cigarettes (Hit Parade, Tareyton, Pall Mall, Lucky Strike). Industry rumor: filter will be double, with one part charcoal.

DIAMOND MARKET is slumping to lowest point in 3½ years. First-quarter sales by De Beers, which controls world supply, totaled only \$42.8 million v. \$49.7 million in same 1957 period. Biggest drop-off came in automakers' demand for industrial stones, but gem demand also fell.

AIRLINE INCOME tumbled 51.4% in 1957. Despite record gross of \$1.5 billion, net operating revenues totaled only \$53.8 million v. \$110.9 million in 1956, with American Airlines (down from \$37 million to \$17 million) and Eastern Air Lines (down from \$28 million to \$11 million) taking biggest dollar slumps.

INCOME-TAX REFUNDS will go to an estimated 35 million of the 60 million U.S. payers this year. Treasury plans to kick back about \$3.6 billion in overpayments. Average refund: about \$100.

complaints of dealer associations' price fixing, which is against the law. The Government suspects that dealers who sell one line are forming area associations to make secret fixes of prices of new cars and trade-ins. By agreeing on the size of the pack, they eliminate competition among themselves.

Another attack on such chiseling by "a few unscrupulous dealers" is being led by Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Mike Monroney. He has sponsored a bill requiring that every new car in a showroom be clearly labeled with the maker's list price. Some Detroit carmakers are privately in favor of the bill as a way of regaining customer trust.

The National Automobile Dealers Association is also in favor of the Monroney bill. In addition, it wants carmakers to set a national list price—and disaffiliate dealers who ignore it—instead of the present practice of different list prices in different areas. But carmakers are not yet

INDUSTRY-WIDE BARGAINING

A Way to Balance Big Labor's Power

As the United Auto Workers aggressively presented their new wage demands to Ford and Chrysler last week, Detroit's worried automakers got some sound advice from Harvard University. Said Economist Sumner Slichter: "The auto companies would be wise to maintain a united front that would sooner or later lead to industry-wide bargaining."

Slichter touched a major problem for dozens of U.S. industries: they must either stand together or risk being whipsawed by unions. In many cases labor and management no longer sit as equals at the bargaining table. While big labor keeps a united front, management does not, and frequently comes off second best as one company is played against another. This weakening of industry's bargaining power is a big factor in rising prices, pushed higher and higher by wage boosts.

One of the best arguments for industry-wide bargaining is the way the idea has worked in practice. Of more than 125,000 collective-bargaining agreements in effect last year, roughly one-third, covering 40% of all organized U.S. workers, were negotiated between labor unions and groups of employers. Though only a few businesses, such as the garment industry (*Time*, March 17), bargain on what amounts to an industry-wide scale, dozens of others negotiate contracts through associations of from two to 20 or more companies. The trend is particularly strong in service and construction industries, where both union and management groups like the idea so well that they have asked the Administration to guarantee the right of industry-wide bargaining.

To many a small company, collective employer bargaining is vital: no small businessman has a chance alone against a powerful union. Employer associations can not only pool resources, but also save employers' time and money by bargaining for them. The mammoth steel industry practices a highly useful form of industry-wide bargaining, though it boggles at any formal association of companies. After a bad strike in 1946, U.S. Steel Corp. sat down in 1947 with the union and hammered out a contract setting a pattern that the rest of the industry has since followed. In effect, U.S. Steel, biggest and toughest in the industry, negotiates on an industry-wide basis for most of the 22 integrated steel companies; before granting union demands, Steel takes care to consider its colleagues, who in turn back it up.

In other industries, a few of the

biggest companies have also banded together for mutual protection. Libby-Owens-Ford and Pittsburgh Plate Glass, which comprise 95% of the plate-glass industry, got tired of seeing their wage scales leaping because of individual bargaining, feel that they have done much better since they decided to bargain together after a strike in 1936. Said a Pittsburgh Plate Glass executive: "We saw it as a means of protecting ourselves against the union's whipsawing tactics."

Some unions also favor industry-wide bargaining on the principle that employers can then no longer play off one local against another. But many union leaders oppose it, recognizing that it minimizes labor's ability to play one employer against the other.

Labor's strongest opponent of industry-wide bargaining is the U.A.W.'s Walter Reuther. Once when his union was weak, he argued long and loud for industry-wide bargaining, hoping thus to get more prestige—and members—for his union. Now, says Reuther, "there is no way they can force us to bargain on an industry-wide basis." Industry-wide bargaining would cost Reuther his major weapon in wage negotiations: the "key bargaining" tactic by which he singles out one company for attack, then uses that settlement as a pattern for the others. In 1955, at the last auto bargaining, Reuther's whipsaw worked to perfection and wrecked the industry's informal agreement to hold firm against demands for a guaranteed annual wage. When G.M. refused to give ground, the union turned on Ford. Fearing that G.M. would gain a new edge in the market if the union went on strike, Ford capitulated, forcing others to follow.

As a result, so much suspicion and ill will have been built up within the industry that it refuses to get together. Ford, Chrysler and American Motors are all for industry-wide negotiations. They know that the U.A.W. would hesitate to strike the whole industry at once. But General Motors, once burned, is against it. It is also leary of cooperation with the rest of the industry lest it bring down the antitrust lawyers. Thus, unlike steel, where the strongest company does the talking, the auto-industry pattern will probably again be set by Ford, which fits the U.A.W.'s idea of the perfect sparring partner—not too strong, like G.M., or too weak, like Chrysler. The automakers have industry-wide bargaining in effect, but without any of its protection.

ready to go that far. Says retired Rear Admiral Frederick Bell, executive vice president of N.A.D.A.: "We think the Monroney bill is a step in the right direction of taking the razzle-dazzle and hocus-pocus out of auto pricing."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Maserati Off the Track

Spinning around the great circuits of the world, one winning, bright red racer topped them all last year: Italy's Maserati, the car that whisked Juan Manuel Fangio to a world championship and many another driver to fame in the last 30 years. To Maserati's makers, Adolfo Orsi and his son Omar, the fame was expected to pave the way for quantity production of a new richly appointed sports-touring car rivaling Mercedes-Benz and Ferrari. When tighter new rules outmoded their biggest racers last fall, the Orsis were ready to quit racing and plunge completely into the luxury market with an \$11,000 Maserati Gran Turismo 3500 (143 m.p.h.).

Last week Maserati skidded off the track. The government-owned bank Credito Italiano asked that Adolfo Orsi be declared bankrupt, impounded Maserati's assets, sent the shamed Orsis into hiding. Adolfo owed the bank \$15,600 and had written a check with no funds to cover it. But that was only part of the reason. For the Orsis, the bright fame of Maserati had been gradually turned by many fine Latin hands from a blessing into a curse.

In 1937 Adolfo bought the Alieri Maserati firm, then financially foundering, as an addition to his scrap-iron and farm-implement businesses, later used the plant as the base of a new machine-tool business. Racing cars were only the frosting on the cake to give the tools a famous name. By last year the combination was bringing in \$3,000,000 annually. But along with the cash came trouble.

Argentine Dictator Juan Perón, a racing bug and sponsor of Driver Fangio, got so enthusiastic about Maserati racers in 1954 that he handed Adolfo Orsi a \$3,000,000 machine-tool order to help speed Argentine industrialization. In turn, Adolfo enthusiastically allowed Perón three years to pay. A year later, when Perón was ousted, Argentina had paid only a fraction of its bill, all in wheat to the Italian government, which has yet to convert it into cash for Maserati. To top it off, Adolfo took on another \$437,500 machine-tool order from the Spanish government—which has also failed to pay. Result: the Orsis owe subcontractors some \$300,000.

To save Maserati without wrecking their remaining businesses, which are independently solvent (annual sales: \$2,000,000), the Orsis offered Driver Fangio a 50% share in Maserati for \$625,000. Fangio, who has a thriving G.M. distributorship in Buenos Aires, could raise only half the necessary funds. That left Maserati at the mercy of the state-owned Credito Italiano, which had the right to turn the firm over to the government. Last week the plant was still running—but for the government and without the Orsis.

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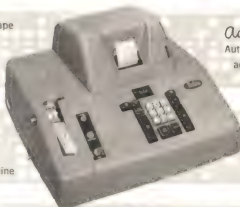
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CORPORATIONS

K.O. at Pabst

The Pabst Brewing Co. has sponsored so many TV boxing matches that its name has practically become synonymous with fighting. Last week Pabst reluctantly sponsored one more fight—the first proxy fight in its 94-year history. The ring was a 10th-floor hall in Chicago's Merchandise Mart. In one corner was short, pudgy Pabst President and Chairman Harris Perlstein, wearing grey suit, tan shoes and grey tie. In the other, the challengers:

Malt when it took over the old Pabst Corp. in 1932 in anticipation of Prohibition's demise. He became president of the new Premier-Pabst Corp., and Fred Pabst, son of the founder, later became chairman. Perlstein led the company through its period of greatest growth and profit-making, saw it reach its biggest year in 1949 with a sales peak of \$168,904,000. But Perlstein soon found himself hurt by his own success. Hit hard by the steadily flattening beer market, Pabst sales slid steadily. To make matters worse, Perlstein drew the wrath of the Pabst family

Co. Perlstein started the merger talks while the proxy fight was brewing, but Pepsi President Alfred Steele broke off the talks when he saw that the fight was inevitable. Steele, who took over Pepsi when it was floundering and sent sales and profits soaring, apparently felt he could do the same for Pabst; Pabst also stood to gain by Pepsi's crack management and salesmanship.

If the Pepsi merger does not work out, Perlstein is thinking of consolidation with some other company. "This is the type of move," he says, "that would be quickly beneficial." And even Winner Harris Perlstein recognizes that Pabst needs something beneficial in a hurry.



Associated Press

PABST'S PERLSTEIN (RIGHT) WITH CHALLENGER DAVID PABST (LEFT) & ATTORNEY
They broke clean and came out fighting.

Robert and David Pabst, the grandsons of the Pabst founder, Fred Pabst, and Otto and Carl Spaeth, son and grandson respectively of the founder of Premier Malt, which bought out Pabst in 1932.

The Pabst-Spaeth group blamed Perlstein for the fact that the company has dropped from No. 1 in 1949 to eighth among U.S. brewers, last month reported a loss for 1957 of \$2,871,200. The stock has dropped from 32 to 4. Fearing for their 25% share of the stock, the Pabst brothers enlisted the aid of the Spaeths to unseat Perlstein as president at the annual meeting.

Easy Victory. When the bell rang last week, Perlstein swarmed all over the opposition, won an easy knockout. His slate of directors polled 50% of the votes cast. After the count, the vanquished did not even get the chance to speak; when David Pabst tried to make a statement for the record, Perlstein cut him off—in the interest, he explained, of a brief meeting.

Behind the fight was a longstanding feud between Perlstein and the Pabst family. Perlstein was president of Premier

for opposing their attempts to get more family members into the business.

When Fred Pabst retired in 1954, leaving the company without a Pabst as an officer for the first time in 90 years, the Pabst family increased pressure on Perlstein to bring in a new man to run the company. Perlstein brought in as president Marshall S. Lachner, a vice president of Colgate-Palmolive Co., kept the chairmanship for himself. But Lachner failed to halt Pabst's sliding sales, and in 1956, for the first time in its history, the company showed a loss. Last fall Perlstein got Lachner's resignation, took over as president as well as chairman, began reversing many Lachner policies. One new policy suited Lachner. Perlstein insisted on a severance contract providing Lachner with more than \$1,000 a month through 1961, so long as he makes no criticisms of the Pabst firm or its officers during that time. So far, Lachner has kept prudently mum.

Pepsi Merger? After his victory, Perlstein announced that he will take up again a major project interrupted by the proxy fight: merger talks with the Pepsi-Cola

ATOMIC ENERGY

Slight Thaw

The Atomic Energy Commission which last October put a freeze on new uranium mills until 1962 decided last week that a thaw is due. To Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss announced a "limited" step-up in AEC purchases of uranium concentrate from the 16 private mills now operating and the seven under construction. In addition, AEC said that four entirely new mills are needed. As Congress has pointed out contracts for Canadian and African concentrates, which fill half of U.S. needs, will end in the early 1960s. In all, AEC wants to add about 3,000 tons of ore to the U.S. daily milling capacity of 20,400 tons previously planned for 1962. As a first move, AEC announced negotiations with International Resources Corp. to build a new mill in one of the Dakotas with a daily ore capacity of 600 tons.

Western miners and Congressmen who had complained bitterly about the freeze (TIME, March 10) were not entirely satisfied that the AEC has thawed enough. Milling capacity will be boosted only in areas where ore bodies were developed before last Nov. 1, thus giving no encouragement to the development of new finds or combatting the sharp decline in U.S. prospecting in the last six months. But Western miners hope that more thawing weather is on the way.

MISSILES

Up on Solid Fuel

Back in 1928, Kansas City Chemist J. C. Patrick stirred up a gummy mess of sulphur, carbon and hydrogen in an attempt to find a better, cheaper antifreeze. What he got was not antifreeze but one of the first types of synthetic rubber. He named it Thiokol (after the Greek for sulphur and glue), and with friends formed Thiokol Chemical Corp. As a rubbermaker, Thiokol did not go very far saleswise (one reason: it smelled so foul that it was dubbed "synthetic halitosis"). But since the age of space, the company has rocketed because Thiokol is a chief component in most solid rocket fuels. Thiokol powered the second, third and fourth stages of Explorer 1 and III



Steam-heated hands, formed from brass, press the gloves into shape after they've been cut and seamed. John Jakubec, Jr., at the Daytonia Glove Corporation shows us how that's done. Glovemaking is an art practiced in Gloversville since the 1760's when early settlers traded tinware for deer skins.

*Employers Mutuals of Wausau plays a unique part
in century-old crafts...*

Wausau Story

IN UPSTATE NEW YORK

by William Eckhof
State Editor

The Knickerbocker
News
Albany, New York



Tying a weaver's knot comes naturally to Edwin Shuttleworth, Mohasco Vice President of Northern Manufacturing. Properly impressed are Merle Johnson, Employers Mutuals Underwriter (center) and Carl Eddins, Mohasco Insurance Manager. At the Amsterdam plant, more than 600 looms weave rugs and carpets. Those punched cards you see at the top of the photograph operate like the roll in a player piano, selecting the proper pile yarns to form the carpet pattern. Filler yarn in the moving shuttle forms the weft of the carpet. If a yarn breaks, you tie a weaver's knot... if you know how.

"What sets Upstate New York apart from the rest of our state isn't altogether a matter of geography. This area has a personality all its own... a proud heritage of craftsmanship, genuine respect for work well done.

"Maybe that's why so many Upstate industries like to do business with Employers Mutuals of Wausau. For example, at Amsterdam, Mohasco Industries... manufacturers of the well-known Mohawk and Alexander Smith carpets. A merger created the problem of consolidating many insurance casualty contracts held by different insurance companies. Employers Mutuals worked closely with Mohasco insurance men to build a well-rounded program. The result: better accident prevention, better claim handling, and more efficiency. At a savings too!

"At Gloversville they were making gloves almost a hundred years before the city of Wausau was incorporated. But now Wausau is a part of the picture... Employers Mutuals is the largest compensation carrier in New York's Fulton County. Employers Mutuals' facilities and experience fit the needs of the companies. And there's the ever-present interest and friendly help that gives Employers Mutuals the country-wide reputation of being 'good people to do business with'."

Employers Mutuals, with offices all across the country, writes all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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into orbit, supplies the propellant for a whole family of missiles. This week word leaked that Thiokol is the hottest candidate for the whopping contracts to produce the propulsion systems for the Army's Pershing missile (TIME, April 7) and the Air Force's Bomarc, which will be converted from liquid to solid fuel.

Thiokol sales have gone from \$4,800,000 in 1951 to last year's \$31 million, which brought net profits of \$1,452,000 (but still far behind the \$162 million sales of its chief competitor, General Tire & Rubber Co.'s Aerojet-General Corp.). Though Thiokol's first-quarter sales are off a bit because some of its military contracts ran out and one plant was damaged by fire, Thiokol expects a 50% gain for all of calendar 1958. Reason: solid fuels are far simpler and safer to handle than liquid fuels that require a maze of tanks, valves and pumps, and they show the greatest promise for powering missiles until the atom-powered engine comes along.

"We'd Like to Try." Thiokol got into missiles in the same way the rubber was invented—by accident. Its researchers had found a way to process solid Thiokol into a liquid and during World War II the armed services used it as a sealant for aircraft-carrier decks, pipelines, and the wing tanks of planes (the average commercial plane today carries about 300 lbs. of Thiokol sealants). Then in 1946 Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, working on a radically new solid rocket fuel, tried mixing an oxidizing agent with rubber. But it had trouble combining the oxidizer with solid rubber, tried liquid Thiokol by happenstance (a Shell Oil Co. salesman recommended it to a Jet Propulsion lab technician). When Thiokol's management found out what was going on, it decided to try producing Thiokol-based solid fuels.

President Joseph William Crosby, 61, a greying, jowly hustler who had joined the company as a salesman in 1936 and became boss in 1944, "started ringing every Army doorbell we could find in Washington. We told them what we had, that we didn't know anything about rockets, but we'd like to try."

Persuaded by Crosby, the Army gave Thiokol a \$250,000 development contract in 1947. By 1953 Thiokol had produced solid-fuel engines, i.e., basically cylinders packed with the fuel, for the first full-scale Army test missiles. When the Army successfully launched four of them—proving that solid fuels worked—contracts flowed into Thiokol. Crosby's scientists turned out the first- and second-stage engines for the Farside rocket project, won the contracts to produce the propulsion systems of the Air Force's air-to-air Falcon and the Army's anti-aircraft Nike-Hercules, surface-to-air Hawk, surface-to-surface Lacrosse and Sergeant.

Applying Research. President Crosby, a self-taught scientist who did not graduate from college ("I am probably the only rocket-company president without a degree"), credits much of Thiokol's fast climb to its investment in research. Thio-



CROSBY & ROCKET BOOSTER MODEL
From halitosis to the Hawk.

kol's top executives, almost all scientists, put 6% of sales into research, mostly applied research because Crosby holds that some scientists spend too much brainpower on basic research, have "too damn much independence from management." On the other hand, Thiokol encourages all of its 450 scientists to devote 10% of their time to their own pet projects, even more time in the case of "people who we think have greater creative ability." This liberal policy has paid off handsomely. Says Crosby: "When we started in solid fuels, we hired people we felt had good mentality, and taught them a new field. Now we have half a dozen people who know as much about the subject as anyone else in the country."

To give its free-ranging scientists more challenges (and to hedge its bets on the solid-fuel boom), Thiokol is diversifying into other fields. Last year it edged into electronics by picking up Washington, D.C.'s small National Electronics Laboratories (sales about \$500,000), and last month it bought up Pennsylvania's Hunter-Bristol Corp. (sales: \$2,000,000 from electronics, aircraft and missile components, etc.). It has joined with Callery Chemical Co. (25% owned by Gulf Oil Corp.) to explore boron-based solid fuels.

Thiokol has set its most ambitious expansion for next week: a merger with Reaction Motors Inc., a major maker of liquid-fuel rocket engines (TIME, May 27), owned 49% by Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. and 23% by Laurance Rockefeller. The merger will give Thiokol all of Reaction's \$16.5 million missile contracts, including those for the liquid rocket engines for North American's piloted X-15 plane, which is expected to climb to 100 miles, and may well be the first step to manned outer-space travel. With Reaction (1957 sales: \$24 million) Thiokol expects to swell its sales as high as \$75 million this year.

THE ALUMINUM MAN...His handrail pipe wins hands down

Handrails are seen almost everywhere, but until Alcoa introduced aluminum handrail pipe nobody had ever seen or heard of handrail that was both inexpensive and maintenance-free. Alcoa® Aluminum Handrail Pipe is heads above older pipe materials because it resists corrosion, has a lustrous natural finish, needs

no painting, and lasts and lasts with little or no upkeep. *The Aluminum Man* stocks Alcoa Handrail Pipe for immediate delivery in any quantity. Call him today. Fast service and technical assistance are available to you whether you need a few pounds or a few thousand pounds of Alcoa Aluminum.

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Metal Goods Corp.
St. Louis
Metal Goods Corp.
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Nashua
Edcombs Steel Co.
New England, Inc.
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Harrison
Whitehead Metal
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Miller Steel Co., Inc.
Kenilworth
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NEW YORK
Albany
Eastern Metals
Whitehead, Inc.
Buffalo
Brace-Mueller
Huntley, Inc.
Whitehead Metal
Products Co., Inc.
New York
(L. J. Gifford) Adam Metal
Shed, Inc.
Hewes & Lipp (Franklin)
Manufacturing &
Chapman Co.
Strong Aluminum
Company, Inc.
Whitehead Metal
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Rochester
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Huntley, Inc.

Metal Supply, Inc.
Sachs Metal Supply Co.
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Brace-Mueller
Huntley, Inc.
Whitehead Metal
Products Co., Inc.
NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte
Edcombs Steel Co.
OHIO
Cincinnati
Central Steel &
Wire Co.
Williams & Co., Inc.
Cleveland
Nottingham Steel
& Machine Co.
Williams & Co., Inc.
Columbus
Williams & Co., Inc.
Dayton
Ohio Metal &
Manufacturing Co.
Toledo
Williams & Co., Inc.
OKLAHOMA
Tulsa
Metal Goods Corp.
OREGON
Portland
Pacific Metal Co.
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia
Edcombs Steel Co.
Metal Supply
Whitehead Metal
Products Co., Inc.
Pittsburgh
Williams & Co., Inc.
York
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RHODE ISLAND
Pawtucket
Edcombs Steel Co.
New England, Inc.
TENNESSEE
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TEXAS
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Houston
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UTAH
Salt Lake City
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Company, Ltd.
WASHINGTON
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MILESTONES

Married. Hy Gardner, 53, syndicated newspaper gossipist, editor of *Herald Tribune* TV-radio magazine, conductor of WABD-TV's *Hy Gardner Calling* interview show; and Marilyn Boshnick, 31, his secretary; he for the third time, she for the first; in Manhattan.

Died. Ivan Fedorovich Tevosyan, 56, U.S.S.R. Ambassador to Japan, former Deputy Premier and onetime Minister of the Metallurgical Industry.

Died. Theodore Frederick Mueller, 59, publisher of *Newsweek*, onetime (1932-37) assistant to the president of McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. Inc.; following an operation; in Manhattan.

Died. Edward J. Hill, 65, pioneer balloonist who served as technical adviser to Professor and Mrs. Jean Piccard when they made an ascent to the stratosphere from Dearborn, Mich. (1934); of cancer; in Detroit.

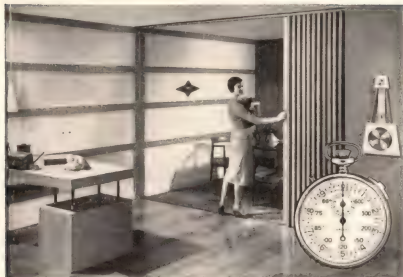
Died. Roy Henry Glover, 67, chairman of the board of the Anaconda Co., world's No. 2 copper producer (after Kennecott Copper Corp.); of a heart attack; after attending a State Department dinner in Washington.

Died. Eustace Sutherland Campbell Percy, first Baron Percy of Newcastle, 71, writer and lecturer, onetime (1935-36) British Minister without Portfolio, known as "Stanley Baldwin's Thinking Machine"; in London.

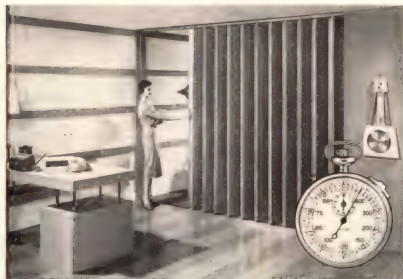
Died. Count Alfred Potocki, 71, once Poland's No. 1 aristocrat, brother of Count Jerzy Potocki (onetime—1936-40—Polish Ambassador to the U.S.); in Geneva. In Poland's pre-World War II twilight, Potocki liked to entertain visiting royalty at the family's lavishly furnished Lantac Castle, which is now a Communist rest center.

Died. Alfred Bryan, 86, lyricist, writer of about 1,000 songs (among them: *Peg o' My Heart*; *Dardanella*; *Come, Josephine*, in *My Flying Machine*); in Morristown, N.J.

Died. Javier Pereira, longtime (according to him: since 1789) aboriginal resident of Colombia, generally considered the oldest man on earth; in Monteria, Colombia. Physicians at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, where he was taken for examination in 1956, said that the little (4 ft. 4 in., 75 lbs.) cigar-smoking Indian might "possibly [have been] more than 150 years old." During his only trip away from home, Pereira made passes at an airline stewardess, socked reporters and others who annoyed him. After the trip, the government of Colombia issued a Pereira postage stamp with the motto: "Don't worry. Drink coffee and smoke a good cigar."



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The FAIRCHILD F-27... '52 Idea, '58 Achievement

In 1952 the aircraft industry was in high gear production, meeting the pressing demand for planes and other weapons, as the war in Korea raged. In such an atmosphere of all-out effort, planning for the future might easily have been put off. But Fairchild management took a long look ahead. On August 29, 1952—in the midst of the war—Fairchild took the first of many steps required to produce a new, advanced propjet transport for airline and business use.

convenience in air travel. And it has special significance, special meaning for many people, many communities.

To Fairchild's management, the F-27 is a demonstration of the value of long-range, progressive planning, and a tangible contribution to the advancement of air transportation.

To the airline operator, it is new equipment that provides jet speeds, increased passenger-cargo capacity, more frequent schedules, lower operating costs, better profit opportunities.



Now, the first production model of the modern airliner envisioned by Fairchild in 1952 is off the line and on the ramp at Hagerstown, Md. After flight performance checks, it will be delivered to begin a long, useful life.

The F-27 takes to the air as the first U.S.-built twin propjet transport, as an aircraft destined to set new standards of economy, dependability, comfort and

To the air traveler, the F-27 means greater comfort, reduced vibration and noise levels, faster, more convenient service to Main Streets, U.S.A.

To the business aircraft user, it brings needed high cruise speeds, longer range, excellent short-field capability, savings in operation and maintenance costs and executive travel time.

To the thousands of Fairchild em-



ployees, the F-27 is pride of workmanship, of participation in the writing of a bright, new chapter in aviation history.

These are the tangible and intangible accomplishments stemming from the forward decision made in 1952 and from the work that decision set in motion. The production activity begun in 1956, when Fairchild in cooperation with the Fokker Company began to let tooling contracts and to convert blueprints into hardware, has produced a new class of aircraft. New in concept, in appearance, in performance.

The F-27 is, of course, only one of many major look-ahead projects now being carried forward. Management teams, scientists and engineers are constantly probing the frontiers of science and technology on projects to extend the horizons of flight and to advance progress in many other fields.

Fairchild's diversified product program includes missiles and pilotless plane projects for the military services, including the Bull Goose; a new family of lightweight turbojet powerplants; light automatic weapons; pressurization and cooling systems for aircraft and missiles; and many industrial products.

Like the F-27, all of these products and systems contribute materially to the company's growth and diversification. Together, they place Fairchild in the forefront of major producers for the military services, for commercial aviation and for many other industries.

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CINEMA

Fallen Republic

"We have one problem—getting out of the motion-picture business," Herbert J. Yates, president of Republic Pictures, thus explained the situation last week to the company's annual stockholders' meeting in Manhattan.

From the floor, several stockholders rose to ask for more detailed explanations. "What happened to your vision, Mr. Yates?" cried one. Asked another: Why had Yates's wife, Actress Vera Ralston, been put in starring roles in flop after Republic flop? Why, with the company wobbling, did the president ask for and get a salary of \$150,000 this year?

With a net loss last year of \$1,362,420, Republic has closed all but two of its foreign distribution branches, cut its domestic offices from 36 to 19 ("And the sooner we close all of them, the better"). Yates said that Republic hopes to be completely done with motion-picturemaking by July 1, will continue to rent out its studios and sell its film library to TV.

Long Day's Journey

Cinema's latest gimmick for bigger entertainment spreads itself on the world's largest indoor screen, and once again fails to prove that bigger movies make better movies. The new film process, tagged "Cinémiracle" by its sponsors, National Theaters Inc., has a field of vision (146° wide, 55° high) almost equal to that of the human eye (160°-60°) and, at the renovated Roxy Theater in Manhattan this week, got tucked in on a canvas 100 ft. long, 40 ft. high. Like Cinerama, Cinémiracle is shot through three cameras, translated through three projectors, but avoids its older brother's sideline distortions. Cinémiracle may not be a miracle, but it offers a cinéscapacle.

To ballyhoo the new process, Producer Louis de Rochemont (who produced *Cinéma Holiday*) hatched out a travelogue-type adventure of the Norwegian square-rigged windjammer *Christian Radich* and followed its bouncing cruise, wave to wave, from Oslo to the Caribbean to New York. More than two hours long-winded, the *Windjammer* splashes into numerous ports of call, catches some fine scenes of native dances and fireworks parties. Other good shots: Cellist Pablo Casals playing a Catalan ballad in a Puerto Rican garden; a panoramic tour of Norwegian fjords; a vibrant Caribbean sunset, gold and red against a serene black sea. The whole thing would have made a great 20-minute short.

The New Pictures

The Young Lions (20th Century-Fox). "And the sword shall devour thy young lions," wrote the prophet Nahum. His words, affixed in epigraph to Irwin Shaw's bestseller of 1948, seemed no more than intellectual makeweight in what proved to be a light package. But the film version of the novel, as conceived and produced



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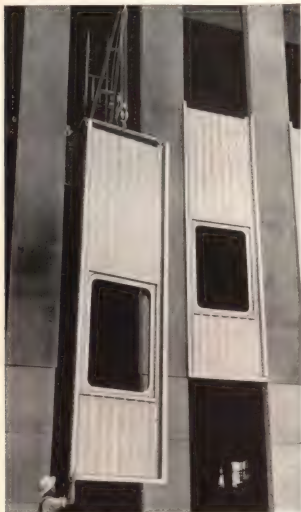
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Adolph's
SALT SUBSTITUTE

by the late Al Lichtman (TIME, March 3), strikes deeper into human substance and rises more often to the epic height of its adage and its argument. Epic is plainly what Moviemaker Lichtman hoped to achieve—a sort of Europead elaborated out of the decisive events and determining attitudes of World War II. He missed the mark, but with the assistance of Director Edward Dmytryk and Scriptwriter Edward Anhalt, he has produced a broad and swiftly flowing film which carries on its narrative stream two performances—by Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift—of unusually deep draft.

Actually, the narrative is divided into two streams. One rises in Germany, one in the U.S., and both run separately through the screenplay until they converge in the fatal conclusion. Brando, his hair bleached for the occasion, plays a sensitive German lieutenant who hates killing, but justifies it as the only way to bring lasting peace to Europe. He resists the attempts of his superior officer (Maximilian Schell) to make him "a creative soldier"; resists the military dictum that "when you become a soldier you contract for killing in all its forms"; resists the friend who tells him that despite all the corpses "nothing really changes"; resists the Frenchwoman (Liliane Montevecchi) who pleads with him to desert because "there never was anything for you to fight for"; resists until one day, in flight before the American advance, he begs for food at a concentration camp, and sees at last that, in effect it not in intention, he is no better than the brute who runs the gas chamber. Both destroy human life for no reason except that they are told to; both are brothers under the swastika.

Brando's American antithesis played by Actor Clift, is a shy young New York Jew. A simpler animal altogether than the German boy, he fights for survival and for his unit, asks no questions and gets no answers. Brave, natural, extraverter, he probably exemplifies what was best in the U.S. fighting man of World War II just as Brando speaks for what was best in the German soldier. As a matter of fact, the script is rather too strongly inclined to see the best in people and events. The war clouds are dark indeed, but somehow they usually turn out to have a silver lining. And toward the end the whole film goes gurgling noisily down the vulgar drain of propaganda.

It is a surprisingly inept last reel, all the more surprising because the rest of the script is intelligent: the dialogue is unusually literate, and the scenes are discreetly placed, like watchtowers, so that the moviegoer can command in a glance great distances of narrative that he might otherwise have had to travel at a footpace. As it is, the dizzyingly intricate tale takes 2 hr. 47 min. to tell, but hardly a minute of the time is wasted, and at least five minutes are devoted to a vignette of war in the desert that deserves to be studied as a classic. The moviemakers have also done a textbook job of cutting the film and intercutting the plots, and



BRANDO AS A YOUNG LION
War clouds with silver linings.

Dmytryk has enhanced his story by the sensitive way in which the light intensities blend and flow from scene to scene.

It is Brando and Clift, of course, who brandish the lightnings. Clift does a wonderfully funny, touching job of suggesting the sort of man, simple and clear as a bell, who rings true when he takes a beating; but at times he overdoes the job and rambles off in a fugue of mannerisms. Brando, on the other hand, underplays to the point where in many a scene only a telepathist could hope to tell what he is thinking; but in the long run he imparts to the audience an urgent and moving sense that there is a soul somewhere inside the lieutenant's uniform.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Stage Struck. Local girl makes good on Broadway—the hard way; with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (TIME, April 7).

The High Cost of Loving. The hilarious private life of a rising young white-collar couple, described by Scriptwriter Rip Van Ronkel and Actor-Director José Ferrer (TIME, March 24).

The Enemy Below. A DE (Robert Mitchum) and a U-boat (Curt Jürgens) tangle in a running race that is sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Winner of seven Academy Awards as 1955's best picture by the year's best director (David Lean) with the year's best actor (Alec Guinness)—a magnificent story of the horror and the glory of war (TIME, Dec. 23).

Paths of Glory. A passionate polemic against war and the vested disinterest of those who monger it, with Kirk Douglas (TIME, Dec. 9).

Up goes the speed limit again!

Chances are you've seen these signs and may have wondered what they meant. The number on the left refers to the speed limit for passenger trains; the one on the right applies to freight trains. Of particular interest to shippers are the changes Western Pacific is making in the right-hand figure.

A very tangible result of this speed-up is Western Pacific's recent inauguration of faster westbound freight schedules. Running time between Chicago and Northern California has been cut a full 24 hours!

Faster freight schedules over WP's high-speed roadbed between Salt Lake City and the West Coast are a good example of how shippers are benefiting from Western Pacific's multimillion dollar improvement program.



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BOOKS

The Beat Booksellers

Selling books has always been considered a quiet, genteel and vaguely intellectual profession. In recent years, though bookstore sales are up, all but the larger shops (which carry everything from phonograph records to cute paper napkins along with reading matter) have been harassed by competition from book clubs, high prices and complaints about inefficiency. Last week brought new evidence on the situation. To promote a forthcoming book—a second-rate soulsearcher on *The Way We Live Now*—Little, Brown sent out about 3,000 cards inviting opinions from booksellers, reviewers, radio and newsmen on present-day living conditions. Some of the replies dealt with life in general, but many of the answering bookstore owners and employees took the question personally, volubly commented on their own lives. The answers, mostly gloomy, with interludes of hectic gaiety, seemed to suggest that a great many booksellers are on the verge of a crack-up. Samples:

From Washington: "I believe we live high and beyond our means, usually on someone else's money. We are always in debt."

California: "I work eight hours a day managing a bookstore with a boss as nervous as a test pilot going to the moon, put up with demanding customers asking hundreds of asinine questions, and then go home at night to a neurotic husband trying to sell insurance. I've discovered 15 new gray hairs and a birthday is coming up. What else have I left except the consolation of a good hook in bed?"

Michigan: "I live like a damned dog. I am supporting my wife, my four children and myself (all in one establishment) on take-home pay of \$3,600. This is if I'm lucky. All the rest, if any, goes to the credit managers. Moral—the least you can do at Little, Brown (in addition to shooting four or five credit boys) is send me free books."

Seattle: "You call being in the book business living?"

New York: "Afternoons I work in the morgue. Mornings I pupil-teach in preparation for a teaching license. The morning teachers are far deadlier than the afternoon corpses. Evenings I study, periodically falling asleep over a book with the cross-eyed Siamese cat asleep at my thigh. Tomorrow I will eat three big meals and play my cello."

Connecticut: "Hacked, hurried, harassed, harried and harassed, but happy."

New York: "It's a rat race, but we love it—we never had it so good. You can keep the tranquilizers—the magnum of champagne is for me!"

Michigan: "And who has time to think about the way we live now? I got important work to do: for the company, for togetherness with the wife and kiddies around TV, for love once a week (Thursdays); up and at 'em 7 a.m. for another

round, bigger and better. You've gotta be on the ball every minute in this world, buddy. Gotta live hard if you're gonna get anywhere. Read a book? How long's it take? Sorry pal. I gotta run."

Something of Value

THE LEOPARD (159 pp.)—Victor Stoford Reid—Viking (\$3).

At the present literary rate of exchange, one African safari equals roughly one novel about Mau Mau trouble. Most such books shine only a feeble light into an area where burning racial hatred has obscured the underlying questions of right and wrong—or else they glare with a Ruark-like, eyewitness sensationalism. It



Eric Dawson

NOVELIST REID
Blending lyricism and horror.

may be a virtue of *The Leopard* that its author, Victor Reid, has never been in Africa.

Novelist Reid is a Jamaican journalist; his only other novel, *New Day*, reflected the color and sensuousness of his native Caribbean island. What he has tried for in *The Leopard* is more than a look into a Mau Mau mind. It is no less than an effort to glimpse the African soul suffering between felt injustice and the dim knowledge that the white man's impact has ended once and for all the chance of returning to the Eden of primitive ignorance and tribal pride that existed before he came.

Author Reid's hero is Nebu, a simple Kikuyu who was once a houseboy for an English planter. Now he is a Mau Mau whose deepest joy comes when a white is made "beautiful," i.e., seen in the final torments of death. The plot is so firmly tied to coincidence as to make it seem slightly ridiculous. After a raid, Nebu drops off from his Mau Mau gang to fol-

low white tracks through the bush. When he catches up to the white man, he finds his old boss, and after he has killed him, he discovers the white man's son, a crippled boy of ten. The boy is neither white nor black. He is, in fact, Nebu's son by the white man's wife, who had seduced her houseboy years before and was herself killed by her husband when he saw the child's color.

Wounded, Nebu tries to get to a white town to deliver the boy to his friends. In his uncomplicated Kikuyu mind, he knows that he has wronged his white master and wants to atone by returning the youngster. As he carries him through the bush, trailed by a leopard waiting for a chance to make a double kill, Nebu is tormented by his son's presence even more than by his festering wound. The leopard, an implacable figure of retribution, provides a horrible ending that blends all the tragic elements of white, black and half-black frustrations and hatred.

What Author Reid has done is to give his story the quality of near myth to make the horror understandable. No recent novel about the Mau Mau has succeeded as does *The Leopard* in making clear how the black man rationalizes his murderous bent. What is even more remarkable is Author Reid's ability to create a feeling for the land itself, to blend a lyrical, near-poetic portrait of a primitive mind with his brutal subject matter. Unashamedly contrived, his book is quite simply a brief imaginative triumph.

Cheer from the Bronx

EARLY TO RISE (246 pp.)—Arnold E. Grisman—Harper (\$3.50).

This is a first novel about a small New York businessman that blends folk humor with wisecrack as if Sam Levenson had had his jokes edited by George S. Kaufman. Hero Bill Roth, 23, is an ex-G.I. working for his engineering degree who lives with his parents in The Bronx. He sleeps on a sofa couch in the living room "on the main trade route from the bedroom to the bathroom." When he stays out late with girls or comes home with liquor on his breath, he is treated to his mother's virtuoso sighs: "She was a kind of Toscanini of the sigh. She ranged from a lonely flute to a sixty-mile gale."

Fled up with mamma's sighs, the sofa bed, and the kitchen-wall stains from "the smoke of a thousand lamb chops," Bill decides to quit college, quit home and go into business for himself. With Bill, venture capital is a question of whom to borrow from. Rich Uncle Simon seems a logical choice ("If you think that money isn't enough to make a person happy, you've just never met my Uncle Simon"), but Uncle Simon refuses with the reproach: "My boy, you want to learn how to shave on my beard."

Bachelor Uncle Henry ("He was like a shy volcano, boiling and boiling but afraid of boiling over") antes up \$10,000, and Bill gets his start in exported dyestuffs. He operates from a loft in an egg-crate factory, and his business has more downs

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PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

than ups, but Bill meets a picaresque crew of characters from mad chemists to eccentric fellow entrepreneurs to weird office help.

The dye is finally cast against him by I. G. Farben itself. At the last minute Bill tries to diversify. He fills an order for 43 plastic bathtubs made out of Volupton ("It feels like folks") for an Indian maharajah's palace. Poor Bill's maharajah turns out to be a telephone-booth Indian who suddenly folds his palace and silently steals away. On little elephant feet, an unfunny love interest clomps its way through the otherwise funny book. And occasionally, 37-year-old Author Grisman lets overwriting interfere with the reading. At his best, Grisman neatly catches the self-mocking nuances of Jewish-flavored humor. His spirited air of general irreverence gives *Early to Rise* the eloquence of a small, perfectly rendered Bronx cheer.

Typewriter Tycoon

A SUMMER PLACE (369 pp.)—Sloan Wilson—Simon & Schuster (\$4.50).

This novel keeps the reader in suspense at the end of every chapter—waiting for the soap commercial. Can Molly Jorgenson and Johnny Hunter, teen-age lovers and troubled children of divorce, find lasting happiness by racing the stork to the altar? Will Johnny's mother Sylvia desert her alcoholic husband, with his blue-blood pedigree and red-ink bank balance, for an adulterous affair with Molly's self-made millionaire father? Is life a game of second chance or an inescapably here-conditioned nightmare?

The answers to these and sundry other questions are offered in a fictional session of bland man's bluff by Sloan Wilson, the man who did more for gray flannel suits than Brooks Brothers. The novel's key setting is Pine Island, Me., a summer retreat and a kind of "perverted Garden of Eden from which one was expelled for the sin of poverty." Among the unexpelled *nouveaux* poor are the Hunters, who eke out their stay as genteel innkeepers. Fortytish Bart Hunter is an existentially minded drunkard whose most cutting insult is to call someone "cheerful." His disillusioned wife Sylvia once took him for a big social cheese, but now knows him for an ineffectual mouse. Their son John, a taut, brooding boy of 14, and his nondescript little sister round out the unhappy Hunter clan.

Outdoor Amours. When another family, the *nouveaux riche* Jorgensons, turns up in the harbor on a rented yacht and takes rooms at the inn, the Hunters go into a tizzy. Ken Jorgenson is a hearty Midwestern manufacturing tycoon, but years before he was a lowly swimming instructor on Pine Island, cruelly taunted by the rich young summer crowd. Ken's winy wife Helen is a cellophane-wrapped neurotic, untouched by life. Their 13-year-old daughter Molly is an adolescent sleeping beauty waiting to be kissed into existence. The kiss comes, of course, from Johnny, but before that the grownups



NOVELIST GRISMAN
"It feels like folks."

get involved in more serious goings-on.

Ken Jorgenson and Sylvia Hunter's idea of turning the clock back is to get divorced and marry each other. A couple of years pass, and as Molly and Johnny cool toward their parents, they warm to each other. In keeping with the outdoorsy spirit of the novel's amours, Molly finally succumbs to Johnny on a sand dune. The wedding bells have a somber ring, what with Molly pregnant at 17, but middle-aging Ken and Sylvia Jorgenson rally round, and *Summer Place* ends on a sunnily implausible note of general contentment.

Boom Mentality. Novelist Wilson is slick, readable and craftsmanlike. He has again chosen a highly American theme:



David Douglas Duncan

NOVELIST WILSON
"The victor belongs to the spoils."

the intensive pursuit of happiness. But he has recorded his findings without giving himself the satirical elbow room to comment on them. Author Wilson has chided gloomy fellow novelists who write "as if we were back in the Depression years," and his point is well taken. He himself is open to the opposite charge of a boom mentality about the human condition. The pithiest critique of this point of view came from F. Scott Fitzgerald during another boom: "The victor belongs to the spoils."

Novelist Wilson's own spoils will be impressive. Prepublication orders totaling nearly 50,000 copies make *Summer Place* an automatic bestseller. With serialization in *McCall's* (\$100,000) and a Hollywood sale (\$500,000 plus 25% of the profits), the book is as good a property as the oil wells Wilson bought with his earnings from *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. There is a touch of poetic justice about Sloan Wilson's success, for he used to be far more fascinated by business than by the writing game, once dreamed of making his fortune in soybeans. (He was born into a Connecticut literary family, and his financial fancies, he thinks, were a kind of "adolescent rebellion in reverse.") Now a dedicated writer, Wilson is nevertheless in the midst of a business cop that is interesting publishers' row a lot more than soybeans. Author Wilson has taken a baby step toward becoming a co-publisher of his own novel.

Marquand-Type Society. While Wilson signed a more or less routine contract with his publisher Simon & Schuster his royalties are above the 15% top writers receive, and certain unusual details are involved. The contract was negotiated and held by an intermediary group known as Ridge Press, in which Sloan Wilson is a minority stockholder. Head of Ridge Press is a pal of Wilson's, a onetime magazine (*Argosy*) executive named Jerry Mason, who acted as editor, designer and bargaining agent for the new book (Simon & Schuster handles printing, advertising and distribution). For Ridge Press, Mason kept full movie and TV rights, of which the publisher would ordinarily take 10%. Moreover, Wilson's income will be spaced out for tax purposes "at \$25,000 a year or better." This, Author Wilson hopes, will keep him from the fate of many another best-selling author—"being a millionaire one year and broke the next."

With this financial peace of mind, likened by Sloan Wilson, sometime teacher of English to a professor's "permanent tenure," Novelist Wilson, at 37, hopes to become "an old-fashioned man of letters whose obituary lists 20 or so novels to his credit." Unpretentious about his writing so far ("a small, humble and private thing"), Wilson would like most "to describe my own Marquand-type society with Hemingway's power." With his blond, blue-eyed, Ivy League good looks, Wilson leads a quiet life in not quite Marquand-type country (Pound Ridge, N.Y.), has only one major crotchety: he does not own a gray flannel suit ("I



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won't have one in the house"), although clothiers have offered to outfit him with enough gray flannel suits "to last a lifetime."

The Worm in the Apple

THE GREENGAGE SUMMER (218 pp.)—Rumer Godden—Viking (\$3.50).

The literary voice of Rumer (Black Narcissus) Godden is soft, gentle and low, and so are her subjects—sensitive children, nuns, quietly contented families and the timeless tranquillities of India and England. It is always something of a shock when her characters come upon the worm of experience in the apple of innocence. But find it they do. After that Author Godden usually chucks the reader under his chin and reminds him that the world of man really began with a little knowledge of good and evil.

Rumer Godden's new novel starts innocently enough with five little English brothers and sisters, ranging from a few years to 16, going to France with their mother for a summer holiday. Mrs. Grey gets bitten by a horse and lands in the hospital leaving the children to manage as best they can without Mum in a nearby pension on the Marne. For page upon page, everything hums along with the summery warmth of semfantasy. Greengage plums drop from the tree with juicy plops, the barges of the Marne glide noiselessly over the sunny water. The owner of the pension, Mademoiselle Zizi has a rich and handsome young English lover named Eliot, who takes the children for rides in his blue-and-silver Rolls-Royce. Young Paul, the pension dishwasher, supplies the little Englishmen with assorted forbidden fruits—Gauloise cigarettes, wine drops left in the glasses after a big luncheon, a rich vocabulary of French swear words. Poor, darling Mummy is still in the hospital—hurrah, hurrah!

The only fly in the ointment is 16-year-old Joss, senior daughter of the Greys. She and Eliot get the trembles whenever they brush shoulders—and Mlle. Zizi, a jealous old gentlewoman or at least so is beginning to brandish her falsies. Three-quarters of the way through her bee-hive glade, Author Godden starts dropping her surprises. Eliot, it seems, is no English gentleman after all: he is an international crook who, as a French paper prettily puts it, "collects precious stones, chiefly diamonds." As for Paul, he climbs up to Joss's bedroom and is about to collect something more precious than stones when Eliot relegates him to the compost heap with a single knife-stab. Suddenly, the beautiful old house rings to the tramp of invading flatfeet and the idyl ends with a whimper: "Mother, I want Mother."

Absent, unfortunately, is the masterly ability of a De la Mare or a Simonon to portray a Garden of Eden in which the black serpent of evil slides easily and naturally about its business. But Author Godden tells her tale neatly enough to content those who enjoy closeups of children's growing pains and the clashes of innocence and experience.

Today's markets are not **at all** like little girls

ONCE upon a time, markets, like little girls, may have been "sugar and spice and all that is nice." Today's markets, of course, are not at all like little girls.

In almost every company, today's marketing is a key concern of practically all operating departments. It ranges through research and development, trade selling, merchandising, sales promotion and publicity, just to name a few of its many functions.

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TODAY'S PROFIT-MAKER

In today's market place, a company must increasingly turn to the one weapon which, more than any other, can make this marketing effort pay off in profit. That weapon is advertising.

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can do this for just a fraction of a cent a call.

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As the selling opportunity grows—as more of the job of closing the sale must be taken on by the company and its management—advertising becomes the one wholly efficient and economical way to move your sugar, your spice.

In today's market, only advertising can drive home the value of a product (or a company) on so broad a scale, so compellingly. And one of the most effective ways to deliver this message is in that precious moment of privacy the printed word assures.

As today's marketing increasingly becomes tomorrow's margin of profit, a holding action won't do. Both effort and advertising must increase.

Advertising—today's vital salesman

Guess which drink is better for you?

Fizzless highball



Big feature, easy to make. Turn the tap, fill the glass. No longer socially acceptable, lacking in good taste.



What happened to the flavor of the liquor? A lifeless, bland drink



Flat'er than a pancake! Wishy-washy... Your very best bet... start afresh.



Suggestion: buy a sparkling mixer. It saves you money and trouble. Every drink tastes great... better for you too.

Sparkling highball



Big feature... delectable taste. Costs more than tap water... but worth 5 times as much... Why?



Makes a lively drink every time. Makes any liquor taste terrific!



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Different Orbits. In Oswego, N.Y., a second-grade class began building a nine-foot-high interplanetary vehicle, ran into difficulties when the boys complained that "the girls want to put up curtains in our spaceship."

Competence Is No Excuse. In Kent County, Md., Goose Hunter Charles L. Ivens had one bird already in his bag, fired at another, brought down two geese at once, was arrested and fined in a federal court for exceeding the day's statutory limit of two.

The Customer Is Always Right. In Miami, F. Raymond Burke, who ran a firm that protected businessmen from passers of phony checks, was wanted for passing phony checks.

Name Dropper. In Gary, Ind., Peter Mandich, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Lake County sheriff, complained to the election board that his opponent, Peter Mandich, was capitalizing on his name.

And \$2 for Carfare. In St. Paul, Insurance Clerk Myrtle Deyo got a prize of \$1,000 from the suggestion committee of the St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co. for suggesting that her own job be abolished.

Temperance. In Eton, England, a teacher at strait-laced Eton Public School said in an interview with a visiting American that the well-bred Etonians are permitted neither to smoke nor drink, and—in answer to the question "what about dates?"—said "Certainly, as long as they don't eat too many."

Provider. In Cincinnati, James Hart Jr., in court for robbing a grocery, asked for clemency, told the judge that he had no job and his wife and children were hungry, was convicted of stealing \$10 worth of beer and wine.

Shear Luck. In Atwater, Calif., Bill Blasingame failed to stop his truck in time at a railway crossing, sat helplessly while a passenger train clipped off the front end up to the windshield, stepped out on wobbly legs.

Got the Bird. In Deep River, Conn., Ronald G. Hagg, found guilty of swerving his car to kill a pheasant, was fined \$50 for 1) using a motor vehicle in hunting, 2) hunting out of season, 3) hunting on Sunday, 4) driving on the wrong side of the road.

Point 4. In London, Mrs. Gloria Roden testified in a divorce suit that on four separate occasions when she asked her husband what he would like for his birthday, he answered: 1) 50,000 tons of caustic soda, 2) a statue of King George III, 3) a submarine, 4) a divorce.

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